The Outlook

Vol. 75 November 7, 1903 No. 10

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The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 75 November 7, 1903 No. 10

The Parks Case Last week "Sam" Parks became again the center of interest in the labor world. His prestige among his followers had already suffered further eclipse, when one of his chief witnesses at his recent trial pleaded guilty to the charge of having perjured himself during that trial, and when his protector Devery refused again to go on his bond. In his second trial on the charge of extortion he admitted the truth of the evidence against him—that by threatening to order a strike he forced the Tiffany Studios to pay him five hundred dollars as a "fine" for employing non-union men alongside of union men—but claimed that the whole transaction was open and aboveboard, and that the money had been turned over to the union. The court, however, ruled out all evidence on this last point and charged the jury as follows: "What disposal he [Parks] made of the money—if he paid it to the union or not—has no bearing on his guilt. . . . If even by innuendo Parks conveyed the idea that by utilizing the power of the union he might injure the Tiffany Company, and as a result of such intimidation the money was paid, then it is your duty to find him guilty." The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" after a few minutes' absence from the court-room. This ought to end Parks's career as a labor "leader," and the indications are that it will. Parks, it will be recalled, stood for an aggressive war upon leading members of the Iron League for the alleged offense of setting aside an agreement with the National Union and attempting to force the New York local union to make a new agreement providing for arbitration. The re-election of President Buchanan by the National Union seemed to be a repudiation of Parks's policy, for President Buchanan was opposed to the strike Parks advocated; but last week, by a vote of the National executive board, the general strike was ordered to go into effect unless the New York employers compromised with the New York union. Fortunately, however, the local union, during Parks's stay in prison, has itself become anxious for a compromise, and there is hope for a speedy adjustment of the whole trouble, and an adoption of the more conservative position advocated by President Buchanan.

❀

Other Labor Events The other labor events of greatest interest last week were the successful celebration of "Mitchell Day" by the anthracite coal miners in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and the exposure in New York of an agreement between the union stonecutters and their employers, by which the latter advanced prices to consumers and gave the unions a percentage of the profits of the extortion. The arrangement was similar to that exposed not long since in Chicago, by which, as Mr. Oscar Straus felicitously expressed it in his address as Chairman at the Chicago Conference of the National Civic Federation last month, organized employers and organized laborers live together in lucrative harmony—the general public having no other function to perform than to pay the bills. Such combinations between organized employers and organized laborers, as Mr. Straus aptly pointed out, call loudly for regulative action from the general public, which has no other organization through which to work except the Government. It is an unequal struggle unless the organization repre-

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senting the public acts as vigorously for its interests as organizations of laborers and capitalists act for theirs.

❀

A Practicable Remedy

Dr. Rossiter W. Raymond, in an article in "Cassier's Magazine" on the present attitude of organized labor in the United States, suggests two simple remedies for those forms of combined anarchy and despotism which certain of the more unscrupulous labor organizations are employing. "The first is the fearless enforcement of existing laws. . . . The other, and still more important, remedy is the awakening of public sentiment." His illustration and application of the second remedy he thus tersely and effectively states:

> When a boycotted manufacturer can boldly advertise that fact and secure thereby increased custom, the boycott will suddenly die. When a "scab" can readily find employment, according to his real merit as a workman, in defiance of his persecutors—and all the more readily by reason of their persecution—this form of the cruelty of man to man will cease, because it will no longer "pay." When a candidate for office who frankly declares his hostility to lawlessness and tyranny, even under the name of "organized labor," can be elected by reason, or in spite of that declaration, politicians will see a great light.

The Outlook, as a believer in the organization of labor, and because it believes in the organization of labor, gives its hearty indorsement to this recommendation coming from one who apparently does not believe in the organization of labor. In our judgment, the growth and effectiveness of labor unions have been retarded, and their very existence somewhat imperiled, by the attempt on the part of certain leaders of the stripe of Parks to coerce men into the labor unions, and to give to these organizations a despotic power by terrorizing methods to which it is impossible that the American people will permanently submit.

❀

The New Peril to National Unity

Twenty-one years ago, when the previous wave of prosperity was at its flood, the number of immigrants rose to 788,000. During the hard times in the last decade it fell to about one-third of these figures. In the fiscal year which ended in June the number rose to 857,000—breaking all previous records. As an evidence of present material prosperity the figures are gratifying in the extreme, yet the Commissioner's report containing them is not an optimistic document. Most of the immigrants of recent years go, not to the farms, but to the industrial centers, and the incursion of so large an army of men looking for jobs at a time when a few large industries are restricting production may revive the problem of the unemployed, which we have heard so little of since the industrial revival set in. But even this is not the more serious side of the Commissioner's figures. Up to twenty years ago over ninety per cent. of our immigrants had been from northwestern Europe—from the countries having precisely the same race elements as our own first colonies. Last year the immigration from these countries fell to about twenty per cent., while almost seventy per cent. came from Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. When we recall Franklin's well-grounded belief that a homogeneous population is necessary to a successful democracy, and also recall the serious political difficulties that have arisen in every country where race misunderstandings have developed, the new immigration suggests a new peril to National unity. The flood of last year certainly makes more pressing the need of educational restrictions to shut out the less assimilable immigrants at our ports, and the need of extended educational work to assimilate the immigrants already among us.

❀

Georgia's Revenue from Convicts

The convict lease system, which the conscience of the South has been protesting against with increasing vigor during the last decade, seems to die hard. Last month, when Dr. W. P. Thirkield, in his address before the Evangelical Alliance at its session at Cincinnati, arraigned this system as a "school of crime" for Southern negroes, and cited the inhumanity and depravity exposed by an official investi-

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gation in Georgia, the Atlanta "Constitution" replied that while Dr. Thirkield was right in urging that prison reform provided "at least a partial solution of the aggravated criminal phase of the negro question," he was wrong in assuming that the old convict lease system remained in force in Georgia. Georgia, said the "Constitution," had virtually done away with this system by new laws providing that the convicts must be kept "always under the control, the direct supervision, and the sole supervision of the State penitentiary officials." Two days after the publication of this reassuring editorial, the "Constitution" contained in the most prominent of its news columns headlines beginning as follows: "State to Get $250,000 Net from Felons. Awards of Labor of 1,500 Convicts to Bring in $338,119." In the article which followed, the "Constitution" said that the average price bid for the convicts was two hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, and commented as follows:

> This is in decided contrast to the results of the present contracts, under which the net result to the State for the labor of more than twenty-one hundred convicts is less than ninety thousand dollars. In other words, the State will receive nearly three times as much under the new contracts, for one-third less convicts.

The reason why there are one-third fewer convicts to be leased under the new law than under the old is because about one-third of the counties had elected to employ their share of the convicts upon the public roads. It is feared that some of these counties, in view of the high prices now bid for convict labor, may reverse their action and lease their allotment of convicts to contractors. If they do not, the Atlanta "Constitution" takes pains to explain, they cannot share in the State's profits from the new leases. Altogether, then, it appears that the new provisions for State control of the convicts leased have not essentially lessened the opportunities of contractors and of the State to use the prison system as a source of profit when it ought to be conducted as a method of reforming the prisoners and fitting them for usefulness after their release.

Silver and Gold in the Orient

The Commission on International Exchange appointed by President Roosevelt at the suggestion of Mexico to secure the co-operation of other countries in fixing some stable ratio between gold and silver moneys used in international commerce has published its report. The task of this Commission, it will be recalled, differs entirely from that of the previous monetary commissions appointed by our Government. The earlier commissions all sought an international agreement for the free coinage of silver bullion at some fixed ratio, in order to enlarge the monetary use of the white metal. The present Commission does not attempt to enlarge the monetary use of silver. Instead of asking other countries to open their mints to silver, it asks that its free coinage be everywhere suspended. It aims merely to provide that silver coins—not silver bullion—shall hereafter have a fixed value in gold, and proposes that each Government secure this by the method employed by the Indian Government and also employed by our own under the Sherman Act. The Governments will buy their silver bullion at the market price, and coin it on their own account, keeping their silver coins at par with gold either by limiting the supply or by maintaining a gold reserve to redeem their silver coins in gold on demand. The American Commission, accompanied by that appointed by Mexico, conferred with the financial representatives of all the great European powers, and found them a unit as to the desirability of the general plan, and apparently ready to lend their influence in promoting its universal adoption. The only serious difference of opinion developed related to China—now by far the most important of the silver-using countries in which silver coins circulate at their bullion value. Germany, France, the Netherlands, Mexico, and the United States agreed that the Chinese Government ought to fix in advance the rate at which its silver coins should be convertible into gold. Great Britain and Russia believed that this was impracticable, and that the Chinese Government should first provide a national silver currency

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issued by itself, and afterwards determine the exchange value of this currency in gold. The British and Russian position appears to be that no one knows what effect it would have on the value of silver bullion if Mexico and China closed their mints to it, as the United States and India have done. Twelve years ago the market ratio between silver and gold was 17 to 1. Now it is 33 to 1. Further demonetization of silver might still further lower its price, and China might find it difficult to guarantee in advance what its silver coins would be worth. Of course the decision of this question rests with the Chinese Government. The fact, however, that all the powerful nations in the world will urge the desirability of some measure by which Chinese money shall exchange at some fixed ratio with the money of other countries will be a strong influence on the side of the reform.

❀

Sir Henry Durand The appointment of Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, British Ambassador at Madrid, to the Washington embassy, may be regarded both as a logical advancement in the diplomatic service and as a happy solution of a difficult problem. For it may be said without undue boasting that to be Ambassador at Washington is now really the most important post in the British diplomatic service. It is not yet so recognized, however, as regards salary. It is true that the salary of the British Ambassador at Washington is higher than that of the British Ambassador at Madrid, and thus the new appointment means a promotion. After Washington, in payment, come Rome, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. It would be hard to find a diplomat in the English service whose manners are more genial or whose outlook is more optimistic than are those of the new Ambassador. When asked what line of policy he would follow in America, he is reported to have said: "Regarding the difficulties of my new position, unless I am much mistaken, they will not be very great, perhaps less than at Madrid, owing to the number of pending international questions here. The relations between the United States and Great Britain are most cordial, there being no serious litigation pending between the two Anglo-Saxon nations, and I personally am convinced that Great Britain will use every endeavor to avoid causes for friction, as is made evident by the Alaskan question."

❀

Education in China The year after the Boxer rebellion a stroke of the imperial pen established new schools and colleges for "Western learning" in China, and the Viceroys of the provinces of Shantung and Shansi set apart large sums for special education in their domains. Many local government colleges, however, have been at the mercy rather than under the protection of the authorities; this has been somewhat disastrous for the new foundations, especially at Nanking, Suchau, and Changsha. But the men who have had most marked influence on Chinese education are not Chinese, but Americans; they come from the American colleges at Tengchau, Tungchau, Shanghai, Fuchau, and from other American institutions at Chifu, Tientsin, Peking, Paoting, Hankau, Wuchang, Amoy, and Canton. These men are supplementing the educational establishments of the Government by a Christian education which, we are glad to learn, exerts not only a distinctive influence there (as it did before the Boxer atrocities), but now apparently also a commanding influence in certain localities. Despite the ascendency of the Japanese in Chinese education, the work of American and European missionaries is more impressive than ever, not only in church and chapel, but especially in school and hospital. Our missionaries are not generally of that strange religious type which brings little educational and linguistic training to its particular work in a foreign land. Many are qualified to fill professorial positions in the schools and colleges of the countries to which they are accredited. In this the American missionaries to China are following the worthy example set them years ago by the first pioneers to Japan, who were strong mentally as well as spiritually, and hence appealed to the powerful

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Samurai class. Chiefly because of this, we are told, the missionaries soon commanded the respect and confidence of the nation. Thus, educated by American pioneers, it was not long before many Japanese entered the legal profession, for which they have a great liking, and a Supreme Judge was eventually chosen from the ranks of the missionaries' former pupils.

❀

Russia and China

An official despatch from Mukden, Manchuria, last week said: "A detachment of Russian troops entered the town yesterday and reoccupied the guard-houses. This action was in consequence of the weakness displayed by the Chinese authorities, who do not fulfill their promises, and owing to the general ferment prevailing here." Commenting on this, Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador to the United States, who is now in Paris, is reported as saying that he was not surprised to hear of the re-entrance of Russian troops into Mukden, in view of the conditions there. He declared the experience of the Russian authorities to be that as soon as they surrender a district to the Chinese the latter are unable to preserve order, disturbances occur, and foreign interests are menaced. The Ambassador added that the return of the Russian troops did not affect the status of Mukden as an open port, in accordance with the treaty between the United States and China. Despite this statement, the reoccupation of Mukden is hardly reassuring to the United States; the movement of the troops may have some connection with the news of a fortnight ago from Manchuria, which was to the effect that the Russians, indignant at the attempt of the United States to make Mukden an open port, declared that they would complain to the St. Petersburg Government and that Mukden would never be opened. Thus every week only emphasizes the new importance of Manchuria.

❀

Count Tolstoy and the Dorpat University

The University of Dorpat recently celebrated its hundredth anniversary. It is customary on such occasions to recognize men who have greatly distinguished themselves in science, literature, or art, by making them honorary members of the University corporation. The several faculties of the Dorpat University, therefore, presented to the council the names of fifty-eight persons whom they regarded as worthy of University honors, and among them the name of Count Leo Tolstoy. Father Tsarefski, the University priest, protested against this particular nomination (which was made by the faculty of philology), and after some debate succeeded in getting consideration of it postponed. The other fifty-seven candidates were duly elected. At the next meeting of the council, the ecclesiastical faction, headed by Father Tsarefski, proposed three additional names—Ambrosia, Bishop of Kazan; Agathangel, Bishop of Riga; and that noted priest, Father John, of Cronstadt. A number of the professors objected to these nominations for the reason that neither Father John nor the bishops had ever rendered any service whatever to science, literature, or art, and were therefore unsuitable candidates for membership in any learned corporation. Father Tsarefski, on the other hand, renewed his protest against the nomination of Count Tolstoy, on the ground that the election of such a man would make honorary membership in the corporation of the Dorpat University disreputable, After a stormy discussion, the council proceeded to ballot. The two bishops were blackballed; but Count Tolstoy and Father John were elected by a vote of 24 to 13. The same professors, apparently, voted for both men, with the hope, perhaps, that the Government would overlook or permit the election of Count Tolstoy, in consideration of the honor conferred upon Father John. If the University council showed weakness in electing Father John as an offset to Count Tolstoy, it soon had occasion to regret its lack of nerve. When the rector wrote to the Cronstadt priest, apprising him of his election, he received the following reply:

> Your Excellency—I have read your estimable and respectful letter to me, which is so full of subtle delicacy. . . . I decline absolutely the honor of the membership to which

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I have been elected. I do not wish to become connected, in any way whatever, with a corporation—however respectable and learned—which, by some lamentable misunderstanding, has put me side by side with that atheist Leo Tolstoy—the most malignant heretic of our unfortunate age—who, in presumption and arrogance, surpasses all previous heretics of any age. I do not wish to stand beside Antichrist. I am surprised, furthermore, to see with what indifference the University council regards that Satanic author, and with what slavishness it burns incense to him. . . .

IOAN SERGEIEF,
Prior and Archpriest of the Cronstadt Cathedral.

After receiving such a slap in the face, the council of the Dorpat University will hardly try again the experiment of honoring a bigoted priest, in order to placate the wrath which Church and State might feel at the election of a gifted but obnoxious heretic.

❀

Religion in Russia

Last week there was an attempt at Tiflis to assassinate Prince Galitzin, Governor of the Russian province of the Caucasus. The assassin is believed to have been an Armenian fanatic, crazed at the Government's persecution of Armenian Christians as suggested and carried out by Prince Galitzin. The circumstance recalls the event of a few weeks ago when another Armenian attempt at assassination was reported and for the same cause. That attempt was successful, and the orthodox arch-priest, Vassilov, was killed in the streets of Alexandropol. The circumstances, as related by "The Friends of Armenia" (a society of which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is President), are as follows:

Last year about twenty-five Armenian peasants in the village of Karakilissa made up their minds to join the State Church, and sent a petition to the Russian synod asking to be baptized. A few days later they repented of this act of hypocrisy, and wrote to the synod that they had decided to remain in their own communion. . . . Some time later they received notice from the governor of Alexandropol to be ready for baptism on a certain day. The peasants told the governor that they had changed their minds, and had already notified the synod to that effect. The governor answered, "We have had orders from St. Petersburg to baptize you. Those who go back on their word will be exiled to Siberia." The next Sunday the governor came to the village with a regiment of Cossacks, accompanied by the Russian arch-priest Vassilov. . . . The peasants refused to be baptized. The governor first tried to persuade them, then, failing in this, he ordered the Cossacks to use their whips. The unwilling converts were flogged to the place of baptism like unruly cattle, and the Cossacks mounted guard over them with their whips to keep them from running away, while the arch-priest Vassilov read from the Bible and sprinkled them with holy water.

It may be remembered that in 1897 Prince Galitzin urged the Czar to deport the entire Armenian population of the Caucasus to Siberia and replace them with orthodox Russians. The attempted assassination of such a fanatically orthodox Governor-General ruling a somewhat alien population is not, after all, so surprising an occurrence.

❀

Christianity in the Sudan

The British policy of exclusion of Christian missionaries from the Sudan was recently defined by Lord Cromer, British agent for Egypt and the Sudan, as follows: "Let me testify to the special pleasure which it afforded me to visit the admirably conducted establishments of the American missionaries on the Sobat and that of the Austrians on the White Nile—one Protestant, the other Roman Catholic; but I make no distinction between the two. Both are admirably conducted. I entirely concur with Sir Reginald Wingate, and with, I believe, every responsible authority in this country, in thinking that the time is still distant when mission work can be permitted among the Muslim population of the Sudan. But such efforts as are now being made among the pagan tribes in the southern provinces deserve, and shall certainly receive, any reasonable amount of encouragement and assistance which can be afforded to them." It is less than two decades since Khartum, the Sudanese capital, was abandoned to savagery and Mahdist tyranny. It was reconquered by Lord Kitchener in 1898. According to Lord Cromer, we suppose that the northern Sudan, strongly Mohammedan, has not yet recovered sufficiently from the ravages of war for the spiritual onslaught of Christians. This is not the case with the natives of the Bahr-el-Ghazal and

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others of the southern tribes, who are not Muslims. It seems strange that this southern field has been occupied by but two agencies, one of which, we are glad to remember, is American.

❀

The Missionary Spirit in Macedonia

Last week a letter was received from the Rev. Lewis Bond, an American missionary at Monastir, Macedonia, which, we think, very accurately reflects the general missionary spirit not only in that unhappy Turkish province, but also in the disturbed provinces of China, and, indeed, wherever our missionaries have gone. Late in September Mr. Leishman, American Minister at Constantinople, sent a letter to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, calling attention to Macedonian conditions and suggesting that it would be wise for the missionaries to withdraw from that region until quiet was restored, because safety could not be assured to American citizens in that part of the country. This was a wise and diplomatic letter, made necessary because of the Macedonian atrocities; it would, of course, relieve the American government from official responsibility for the safety of American citizens, who, having received such notice, failed to withdraw from the country. A copy of this letter was sent to the missionaries at Monastir. The Rev. Mr. Bond's reply is as follows:

> While appreciating the interest thus manifested by our Minister, we sincerely hope the missionaries at this station may not be recalled simply because they are in danger. "Absolute security" for that matter cannot be guaranteed to anybody, anywhere. We missionaries are fully persuaded that we are, just now, at the post of duty, and therefore the safest place for us—if safety be an important consideration—is this particular spot. It is possible, of course, that we may be massacred—very much against our personal desire—but we indulge a strong hope that for a while, at least, we may comfort and strengthen the hearts of many native friends who are in a measure depending on us Besides, the two boarding-schools for girls which are reopened—one here and one in Kortcha—and the prospect of participating in relief work for more than fifty thousand starving, naked, homeless refugees, forbids the thought of flight. We would rather perish in Macedonia, if it be the Lord's will, than to prolong our days outside, somewhere, and be ashamed of ourselves.

This pithy, plucky letter is another proof of the fact that, while our missionaries do not foolishly seek martyrdom, neither do they flee from manifest duty and privilege.

❀

Mrs. Booth-Tucker

Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker, who, with her husband, Frederick Booth-Tucker, has been for several years the head of the Salvation Army in the United States, was killed in a railway accident in Missouri on Wednesday of last week. The injury which this accident has inflicted not only upon the Salvation Army, but upon the forces for moral elevation in this country, is impossible to estimate; for the power which Mrs. Booth-Tucker wielded was largely by virtue of her personality, and personality cannot be weighed and measured. She was a daughter of General William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army. Before her marriage to Frederick de Latour Tucker (who upon marriage added the name Booth to his own) she was an efficient leader in her father's organization. By nature disinclined to public appearance, she nevertheless refused to shrink from any work which her sense of obligation laid upon her, and as a consequence she was constantly, during her later years, before audiences large and small. Both by public address and by private enterprise she became one of the most influential religious leaders in the land. At the time of her death she was returning from a visit of inspection at Amity, Colorado—one of those farm colonies which are maintained in several parts of the country by the Salvation Army, and which have been described in these columns. The death of Mrs. Booth-Tucker has elicited expression of genuine sorrow from a great host who owe to her the renovation of their lives.

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The Universalist Convention

The biennial Convention of the Universalist Churches, at Washington, October 22–28, presented some features of special interest. In contrast

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with what happened in 1901 at Buffalo, where but one evangelical pulpit was open on Sunday to Universalist preachers attending the Convention, seven or more such pulpits, Congregational, Methodist, and Christian, were open at Washington, and the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church gave an informal reception in its parlor to Dr. Atwood, the General Superintendent. Churches near New York, that are now refusing to admit Universalists to their union Thanksgiving services, may make note of this. Next, the annual sermon by President Charles Elwood Nash, of Lombard College, from John xiv. 8, on "The Genius of Universalism," presented thoughts worthy of the attention of theologians generally. Dr. Nash held that the peculiar mission of the Universalist churches was precisely what Jesus affirmed to be his peculiar mission, "to reveal the Divine Fatherhood with all that it implies touching the well-being of men." Our doctrine, said he, is an insight, a truth rather than a tenet, a comprehensive affirmation, not complex dogma; it is a doctrine of salvation. The churches needed, he said, to be recalled from mere thought-problems, which had produced a critical instead of a religious temper, and to recover lost power by return to their primary idea with its interest in spiritual growth. Another point of note was the increasing activity in missionary enterprise. It was resolved that the work started in Japan, and the expanding work in the Southern States, should be pushed vigorously; $25,000 is to be raised for the work of the year, and a financial or field secretary was added to the official body. The Woman's Centenary Association, a National missionary body, occupied an entire day with its meetings. The Convention took strong ground against the divorce evil, enjoining on ministers that none but the innocent party should have their service in marriage subsequent to divorce. The report of the Committee on Penology affirmed that political spoilsmen were the chief obstruction to reforms in prison administration. Dr. Atwood's successful administration of his bishopric as General Superintendent was naturally followed by his re-election, but a proposition to give him more power was lost by a narrow margin. A proposition that no new missionary work should be undertaken outside of the United States was also defeated. The Hon. William D. Washburn, former United States Senator from Minnesota, presided at the Convention, all of the proceedings of which evinced strong vitality throughout the Universalist churches. The next Convention will be at Minneapolis.

❀

The Sultan and American Archæological Research

Having tried for three years to obtain the Sultan's permission to excavate at Mugheir, the site of Ur in Babylonia, the American Expedition recently decided that it would withdraw from the field. Despite strenuous endeavor, its appeal seemed no nearer achieving results than when first made. Just at that time, however, President Harper, of the University of Chicago, was in Constantinople, whither he had gone to see what was the cause of the obstacles thrown in the way of American archæological research in Asia Minor. The opposition came largely from certain European excavators with powerful political backing, who wished to occupy the whole Asia Minor field for themselves. President Harper asked to have the application transferred to his name; in other words, to have a new application made. Following this came the visit of the American fleet to Beirut. We have already noted certain evidences of the benefit due to that visit in inducing the Turk, not merely to behave himself in Beirut, but also to carry out his treaty and other obligations towards American citizens throughout the Empire. We are glad to chronicle a further evidence of benefit derived in the permission granted to President Harper to conduct excavations, not at Mugheir, but at Bismya, a site nearer Nippur, close to Ur, where Dr. Peters excavated some years ago. The work at Bismya will not be directly a continuation of the work begun at Nippur, as the latter is in the hands of the University of Pennsylvania excavators, and will go on, we

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trust, until Nippur is entirely uncovered. The work at Bismya is indirectly a continuation of Dr. Peters's labors, however, because those labors first aroused general interest, and also because Dr. Peters was a very prominent member of the committee which endeavored to secure funds and permission to excavate at other sites in Babylonia. The new work will be taken up under the auspices of the University of Chicago. Dr. Robert Francis Harper, the Assyriologist, and brother of President Harper, is to be director, while Dr. Edgar James Banks (the original applicant for the permission to excavate Mugheir, and as representing the Ur committee) will become field director.

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The Future of Canada

Mr. Turnock's article on another page will undoubtedly find many sympathetic readers in Canada. It is a vigorous exposition by an able journalist of the views of those who believe that they have been unjustly dealt with by Great Britain.

The recent settlement of the Alaskan adjudication terminates a long dispute of Canada's own seeking, to which Great Britain has been a party only during the past five years; but while this termination is another triumph for peaceful methods of settling disputes, it has brought disappointment to many Canadians. Their resentment towards America will, we believe, soon pass away, and Lord Alverstone's decisive and favorable judgment concerning the American assertions will be recognized by Canadians as the sound and matured opinion of the greatest jurist in the British Empire. We believe also that henceforth Canada and the United States will enjoy increasing, not decreasing, mutual confidence. Despite all the disputes which have arisen, we have been in the main good friends and good neighbors. In every instance the love of fair play, characteristic of all who speak the English language, whether they be citizens of the United Kingdom, of the colonies, or of America, has in the end manifested itself. Canadians have inherited the spirit of their English forefathers, who, when they have been beaten, have been good losers. We are not surprised, then, to read in the Toronto "Globe," perhaps the most influential of Canadian papers: "We think that any feeling of grievance will pass away and leave room for increasing friendliness such as should subsist between two nations made up of kindred though alien peoples."

Canadian resentment, however, is greater towards England than towards America. Many Canadians feel that the latest in the series of disputes extending over a century and necessitating many treaty provisions has followed most of its predecessors in marking English preference for the friendship of the United States at the expense of Canadian interests. This feeling has been strengthened by the minority report of Sir Louis Jetté and Mr. Aylesworth, the Canadian Commissioner-judges, that "we have been compelled to witness the sacrifice of the interests of Canada and have been powerless to prevent it," and by their statement that their refusal to sign the Alaskan adjudication award was justified because the Tribunal's decision was not judicial. As the result of the unjudicial verdict, adds Mr. Aylesworth, "there will be no thought in Canada of separation from England," but "Canadians will probably demand a larger power of self-government, so as to prevent the repetition of such decisions." Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Dominion Prime Minister, evidently thinks that Canadian interests might have been safer in the hands of three Canadians than in the hands of an Englishman and two Canadians, if we may judge from his reported statement of last week that "the remedy for Canada is to have the right to negotiate her own treaties."

The "larger power" is understood to mean an enlargement both of Canadian diplomatic and military rights. Illogical as it may seem, while England guarantees the defense of the Dominion, Canadians may demand this "larger power" in the near future. Can they demand the full treaty-making power and remain a colony? Would foreign powers make treaties with a colony which could not be referred back

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to the mother country? Again, can a colony demand the exclusive control of its own military expenditure? Yet this latter demand comes not only from anti-Imperialists, but also from Imperialists who believe that Canada's duty to the Empire has already been discharged by a trade preference of 33⅓ per cent. to imports from the mother country in return for nothing at all from England; by a splendid contribution of troops at a critical moment in the Boer War, and by an offer to defend the Dominion without aid from London.

Far different, however, is "the larger power," whether diplomatic or military, if it mean, not a more or less shadowy colonial dependence, but actual independence. As Mr. Turnock shows, there is now in the Dominion a certain trend in this direction, for the sense of injustice felt by many Canadians is accompanied by a conviction that under an independent government the termination of the Alaskan imbroglio would have brought greater advantage to Canada. Our belief is that, from the Ashburton Treaty to the Alaskan adjudication, the British Foreign Office has obtained more for Canadians than they could have obtained for themselves. The vexed Oregon territory dispute is a case in point. England grandly guarded her colony's interests against the cry of "fifty-four-forty or fight." The latest difficulty is another case in point. The United States Government emphatically declined to submit the validity of its Alaskan title to arbitration; it consented to submit it to adjudication. The question did not come before an umpire to decide between two evenly balanced sides, but the counsel of one side or the other were given an opportunity to convert an opposing commissioner-judge by showing that the opposing arguments were untenable. This was done, and, we fancy, quickly done, by the American counsel in converting the Lord Chief Justice of England, the only British member on the Anglo-Canadian side, himself an ardent Imperialist, whose prepossessions must have been inclined to favor any apparently reasonable claim by a British colony. If all of the judges on that side had been Canadians, however, and none had been converted by American arguments, the Alaskan boundary would have remained as defined according to the American interpretation of the Russo-British treaty of 1825, under which the United States Government purchased Alaska from Russia. As it is, Canada wins a minor point of advantage to her at the beginning of the boundary line at Portland Canal.

Yet the "larger power" demanded seems to us consistent only with independence. Canada has enjoyed managing her own affairs, and the spirit of national manhood has become increasingly evident ever since the establishment of the Dominion in 1867. Hence there is now some exasperation among men like Mr. Turnock when they remember that the prohibition of treaty-making is the only thing which stands between them and the dignity of an independent nation.

Despite this undoubted trend, any talk of independence will seem, we think, to the majority on both sides of the border premature and perhaps the mere expression of a passing mood. For Canadians would probably lose more than they would gain. In international dealings the mother country allows a strong Canadian representation in all negotiations affecting the Dominion. The Canadians enjoy more immunity because of their British connection than they lose by their one disability. At present they are not harassed by burdensome military and naval expenditure, but were they independent they would be. Thus, most Canadians, like all Englishmen, believe that British liberty is the best type of liberty—a great, comprehensive Imperial unity. The Monroe Doctrine would be upheld in any case, whether England still rules, or Canada becomes independent, or becomes a part of the American Republic.

It is not essential that Canada should become an independent nation. Canadians and Americans are practically one people. They have a common language. They have common social, educational, political, and religious ideals. But whether Canadians remain British or become Americans, they and we are

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being drawn together more closely year by year. First of all, it is a mutual commercial absorption. Already the great industries of eastern Canada and the vast agricultural resources of western Canada are largely owned and operated by United States citizens, while New England numbers hundreds of thousands of Canadian operatives. Most of the latter have no intention of returning to their own country; many have become American citizens. On the other hand, into Manitoba and Alberta there has been during the past five years an immigration of no less than a hundred thousand Americans. The reciprocal migration, together with mutual commercial interests, is certain to influence the political relations of Canada and the United States. We hope that this influence may soon result in a reciprocity treaty between the two countries. We believe that the fear of such a consummation was one of the reasons which influenced Mr. Chamberlain towards his Imperial preference plan; though many Canadians seem now hardly in a mood to approve that scheme. Not only a relative but an absolute commercial union may one day develop between Canada and America. We hope it will. Then it will be time enough to talk of political union even by those of us who sympathize with the plank in the Republican platform of 1896: "We hopefully look forward to the eventual withdrawal by European Powers from this hemisphere, and to the ultimate union of all the English-speaking parts of the continent by the free consent of its inhabitants."

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Lamb and His Editors

This is the age of new editions and of highly intelligent and painfully industrious editors. Very few English classics have failed to appear in modern dress; greatly, on the whole, to their advantage and greatly also to the advantage of modern readers. In many cases painstaking editors have thrown light upon obscure points and have suggested new meanings; in other cases they have overlaid the text with a mass of diverse and not always important learning and have frightened the shy reader from the author whose qualities they have so painfully laid bare. Charles Lamb's turn has now come. He is fortunate beyond all disputation in the beautiful, dignified, and convenient forms in which his works are accessible in three new editions this autumn. Rarely has it happened even to a writer of Charles Lamb's inimitable quality to be so beautifully dressed as in the edition, to be completed in twelve volumes, edited by Mr. William Macdonald, and bearing the imprint of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; or to be put in a more satisfactory form for the library book-shelves, substantial and dignified and yet not cumbersome, with every particle of material gathered up and every allusion traced back to its source, and light thrown on every obscure question, than in "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb," edited by Mr. E. V. Lucas, and bearing the imprint of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; or in a more beguiling and companionable form than in the Caxton Thin-Paper Edition of the Works of Charles Lamb, published in a single volume and bearing the imprint of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, a volume small enough to be put in a pocket and yet well enough printed to be read on a railway train. In a word, the season, whatever its sins of omission or commission, meets every need in the matter of Lamb's works, and makes provision for every household in which this genial, kindly, gifted writer is not already an honored friend.

No lover of Lamb will forget, as he surveys his favorite in fresh and beautiful attire, the services of Canon Ainger, who a few years ago greatly increased the interest in Lamb and went a long way towards giving readers of the "Essays of Elia" and the other inimitable volumes a perfect text, and the comments of an intelligent and loving student. In the Caxton Edition Lamb appears practically without note or comment. In Mr. Lucas's edition several additions of overlooked or unprinted material have been made, and three epigrams, eight poems, and eight or ten miscellaneous pieces which appeared in the periodicals of the time have been recovered and appear in this edition. His vigilant

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eye has discovered and corrected several slips of Lamb's pen, and he has brought to the annotation of the early sonnets a zeal and scholarship of German thoroughness. In a word, this editor has left no stone unturned, no corner unsearched, which might possibly conceal a bit of Lamb's writing; nor has he spared any pains to collect and present every available bit of information regarding everything that Charles Lamb thought or said. His first volume is buttressed with almost one hundred and fifty pages of notes, in which one will find every fact bearing on Lamb's quotations, the period in which the essay or volume was written, and its history.

Mr. Lucas also has made various additions, both prose and verse, to the Lamb text, none of which reveal any new quality, although several have much of the familiar charm. Mr. Macdonald confines himself largely to personal and biographical matters, and refuses to put "Ariel in stocks." His notes are, for the most part, temperate in quantity and well directed; they aim at real things and are not mere skillful practice of the art of annotation. His introductions are excellent pieces of literary comment, and his note on "The Confessions of a Drunkard" ought to be read by those imaginative people who mistake that striking essay for a personal revelation. The illustrations are a delight to the eye and to the mind as well.

What would one not give for a short concluding essay from Charles Lamb at the end of these exhaustive editions of his works! "Elia" could not have been insensible to the compliment of such affectionate thoroughness as Canon Ainger, Mr. Macdonald, and Mr. Lucas have brought to the search for overlooked or forgotten pieces of his writing, or to the endeavor to secure an authentic text. No writer with the sense of form—and Lamb had that sense in rare degree—can be indifferent to the devotion of zealous and well-equipped students. But it may be suspected that the author of "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist," who was a good deal of a scholar but a good deal more of a man of letters, would have had some sly dashes at the serious and elaborate erudition with which some of his inimitable essays have been edited. Those volatile, unconventional, light-moving flights of fancy, those gay, irresponsible half-hours of play with his mind, those tender, deeply human meditations on the changes and sadness of life, have been encompassed with a multitude of witnesses to the learning and industry of capable and conscientious editors. The fantastic, unsubstantial structures of imagination and humor and sentiment which Lamb loved to rear in that half-serious, half-playful mood in which the man of genius thinks aloud have now been buttressed by a solid masonry of fact which would have appalled the shy architect. Charles Lamb's comments on his editors would go a long way toward mitigating the severity of modern scholarship.

No student or lover of good books will undervalue or disparage the careful, conscientious, intelligent work of scholars bent upon securing a perfect text, reading every line in the light of the contemporary use of words, and tracing back to its source every obscure allusion. All honor to this work of research and to the men who give themselves to it. But there is danger that the awe of this apparatus of scholarship may rob us of the pleasure of easy, intimate acquaintance with some old friends whose companionship, on the most informal terms, has been our joy and solace for many happy days.

It is well to know where Shakespeare found the hints for his plots, how he learned his trade, and the turns of thought and peculiarities of speech in the sixteenth century; but all this is, in a sense, outside work; the real Shakespeare is to be felt and found in the spell which those magical phrases, with the dew of the morning still on them, throw over the imagination; in the sense of joy which comes from contact with a mind so free, so comprehensive, so vital; from a view of life so profound, so convincing, so vast if not so high in its reach. Robert Browning owes much to the enthusiastic students who have sometimes treated his work as if it were a modern "Novum Organum" or a

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contemporary "Critique of Pure Reason;" but Robert Browning, the poet, has also suffered many things at the hands of those who have loved him not too well but too analytically. There are many persons of average intellect who would find delight in the author of "Dramatis Personæ" if it were not for the forbidding Browning tradition. Browning, it is not presumptuous to say, is waiting impatiently for a host of readers to whom he has much to say, but who are kept at a distance by a sense of intellectual unworthiness fostered by many oppressive comments and interpretations.

Charles Lamb, of all men, must be kept accessible to men and women of humble mind; who love sweet, simple, quaint things; who long, not for teachers, but for friends; and who desire, above all, to find rest and refreshment in those whose companionship they seek. If Lamb is to be shut in with Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Browning behind impenetrable walls of notes, cross-references, biographical data, historical appendices, the world will be a dreary place to many worthy people who have been enjoying easy companionship with the author of "Grace Before Meat" without a suspicion that they were ignorant intruders.

But this calamity will not befall us; those who thirst for the joy of life will always be greater in number than those who thirst only for knowledge. The cakes and ale of simple human delight in simple human things will still be eaten and drunk by those whose chief wisdom is to take what the Lord sends them and be thankful without asking too many questions. Let Bacon be edited with searching thoroughness, but let us be slow to turn the "Essays of Elia" into texts for parsing and the genial, witty, sad, faulty, lovable essayist into a solemn, portentous, didactic instructor of his kind. Charles Lamb was not made for the school-room of life; his place is by the library fire, of a winter's day, when no guests are coming, and in slippered ease a man may give himself up to the joy of talk with one of the tenderest, quaintest, most human souls that ever put pen to paper.

To a Young Minister

Fundamental Doctrines

If you are going into the ministry, it is first of all essential that you should hold heartily, and as vital convictions, certain fundamental doctrines. I lay stress on this at the outset because, in the reaction against creeds, the truth that certain intellectual convictions are necessary to success in the ministry is lost sight of, if not denied. But a very little reflection should suffice to convince you that every profession is founded on certain intellectual convictions. Thus, the army is built upon the conviction that force may be at times legitimately used to protect individuals or a nation from aggression. If a man doubts that proposition, if he is inclined to be a non-resistant, he has no place either in the police or in the army. So the law is founded on the conviction that society has a right to make and enforce laws upon the individual which the individual is under obligation to obey. If a man doubts that, if he is inclined to be a philosophical anarchist, he has no place in the law. Commerce is based upon a conviction of the righteousness of private property. A communist ought not to engage in commerce. The practice of medicine is founded on belief in the reality of the body, and of physical evils which can be cured, or at least ameliorated, by physical remedies. A man with a leaning toward Christian Science should not become a physician. So there are certain convictions, or tenets, or beliefs, or dogmas—it does not matter much what word we use to designate them—which are absolutely essential to success in the ministry. If one does not possess them, if they are not such convictions as to be a part of his nature, elements of his subconscious life, he does not belong in the ministry.

He is to be a minister of religion. What, then, is religion? Max Müller thus answers this question: "Religion consists in the perception of the Infinite under such manfestations as are able to influence the moral character of man." If we accept this definition, then it is clear that if you are to be a minister of

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religion you must have a perception of the Infinite, and such a perception as affects your moral character. It is not enough that you hold as a probable hypothesis that the Infinite exists. You must perceive the Infinite. And the Infinite must be to you at least so far a Person that personal communion between yourself and him is possible—such communion as affects your moral character. He must be a reality, not an ideal; and a perceived reality, not a concluded or deduced reality. Religion is not a theory, it is a life—"the life of God in the soul of man." Your business as a minister is to impart that life. But you cannot impart it unless you possess it; and if you possess it, you will believe in it. This belief in God, and in man's ability to perceive God—not merely to imagine him or conclude him—is as fundamental to the ministry as belief in the body and in the possibility of alleviating physical ills by physical remedies is fundamental to the practice of medicine.

But you are preparing to go into the Christian ministry, and therefore you must believe in the Christian religion. If religion is a perception of the Infinite under such manifestations as influence the moral character of man, then the Christian religion is such a perception of the Infinite in the manifestation afforded by Jesus Christ as influences men toward a similar life and inspires in them a similar spirit. Fundamental to your success in the Christian ministry is your perception of the Infinite as finitely manifested in Jesus Christ, and such a perception as will tend to develop Christlikeness in yourself.

Religion has to do with the relation between two beings—God and man. This relation, like all relations between a superior and an inferior, involves correlative duties. The child owes duties to the parent, and the parent also to the child; the citizen to the government, and the government also to the citizen; man to God, and God also to man. The Old Testament distinctly recognizes this mutuality of obligation between God and man by its use of the term Covenant. A covenant involves two parties, each of whom is under certain obligations to the other. Both the Old Testament and the New Testament declare what are the duties which man owes to God, but they both lay far greater emphasis on what God promises to do in fulfilling his covenant toward man. In this declaration of what men owe to God the Scriptures interpret the universal conscience. In this, therefore, they agree largely with the affirmations of other religions. It is in their declaration of God's obligation to men, and their affirmations of what he will do for them, that the Scriptures of the Old and the New Testament are unique. It is this that distinguishes them from the books of other religions. The Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule have their analogue, if not quite their equivalent, in other sacred writings. But where else in the world's religious literature can be found any declaration parallel to this of the Hebrew Psalmist?

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies:
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

Or any declaration parallel to this of Paul?

But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved); and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

I do not say that if you are to succeed in the Christian ministry you must believe in the doctrines of the divinity of Christ and the atonement, for these phrases connote a certain *form* of doctrine, and no *form* of doctrine is essential. But I do say that if you are to succeed in the ministry you must believe that God is in his world, comforting, strengthening, guiding, forgiving, cleansing, inspiring, and uplifting man and working out through all the turmoil and confusion of life a Kingdom of God, which is righteousness, and peace, and joy in holiness of spirit; and that this—not the Ten Commandments or the Golden Rule, or the precepts of the Sermon on

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the Mount—must be the burden of your message.

But the consideration of your message must be left for another letter.

L. A.

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The Spectator

Perhaps some of the Spectator's readers may recall a clever magazine story of a dozen years or so ago, "The New Minister's Great Opportunity." The "opportunity" was his selection to preach the funeral sermon of a man who had rounded out a full hundred years of life, but about whom that was all there was to be said. Yet the bare fact was popularly held sufficient to justify a great mortuary effort. The "new minister" proved himself equal to his opportunity. He eloquently rehearsed all the striking events of a century, and at proper intervals introduced the deceased as doubtless appreciatively cognizant of their occurrence. This story came back to the Spectator during a part of his summer in a corner of rural New England, where he chanced upon an old lady, now the other side of one hundred. To her life that sermon might be literally applied, for the various "stages" in the development of the means of travel literally passed her door. Her girlhood's home was a tavern at which postboys and travelers by coach "put up." Then came a canal, whose tow-path was but a few steps away from the front yard. This was shortly succeeded by a railroad, following the route of the canal. Now a trolley line whizzes by that same house in which she still lives, supplemented by the occasional automobile and the more than occasional bicycle. Indeed, to make good a unique record, this centenarian has ventured herself to "ride in an auto." The only modern vehicle to see which she has had to leave her home has been the steamboat.

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A freak of chance, the some one unanticipated improbability which is more than likely to happen, such as this march of progress by the door of a particular country home so that the one who occupied it for a hundred years could not escape observing it, has always interested the Spectator. He never failed to take a second look, for example, at the president of a certain life insurance company whom at one time he encountered occasionally on the street. That president defied the mortality tables of his own company. For though its doctors twice rejected him in early life as an undesirable "risk," he lived to attend their funerals, and at over eighty seldom missed a day's full work at his desk. The doctors' diagnosis was right, of course, and would have been justified in almost any case except that of the president of the company employing them—one of life's minor ironies.

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Indeed, so the Spectator was told by an insurance authority to whom he mentioned the president's case, the chief value of medical examinations for insurance companies lies in the protection against those applicants who, knowing that in the condition of their health they have no moral right to take out insurance, would for that reason seek it the more strenuously but for facing a doctor. This authority went so far as to assert that if a company could insure every person who in some large city went by its office door in the course of twenty-four hours, it would have a better "line of risks"—how brutally commercial that phrase sounds as applied to ventures in life and death!—than those most carefully selected by the most competent doctors. It was explained that while the best risks, the strongest and healthiest persons, would be included, the worst risks, those persons too sick to be out at all, would be excluded. As in any group there is a steady tendency to deterioration, it was stated that in three years the most carefully selected retains only the average health. From all of which, however, some other insurance authority might make other deductions, and there is obvious comfort for the great majority of us who look on insurance questions from the standpoint of "risks" and not of science. The ordeal of examination for a policy, dread of which keeps not a few from making application, is, after all,

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far from determinative, even if a serious "out" be disclosed.

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On another side, what is called by the insurer the "expectancy" of life proves for some as surprising in passing fulfillment as for others disappointing in falling short of realization. Nature's care for the type but carelessness for the individual apportions length of days with whimsical disregard of the proprieties, as we are tempted to think of them, and thus constitutes one of the interesting conditions of living. The desire sometimes expressed to know the exact term of life, so that one could decide what to finish and what to leave unattempted, would, if granted, almost surely defeat its own purpose. Hopeful uncertainty is the keenest spur to exertion. To work as one whose hour of execution has been pronounced would, for most of us, take the heart out of living—in other words, its charm. It was with some such thought as this in mind, of the uncertainty of an "expectancy," that a few years ago the Spectator listened, at a gathering of social scientists, to Judge Simeon E. Baldwin's plea for "The Natural Right to a Natural Death." There was much in it to enforce the strong protest against resort to science to prolong the life of one mortally stricken, to whom its prolongation could mean only "a protracted state of weakness and suffering." If we could trust the absolute accuracy of science to determine this in each individual case, general assent to the protest would be far readier. But we have all known conspicuous exceptions. To the Spectator, Judge Baldwin as he talked recalled a familiar object, the carriage of a neighbor, an old lady, who at eighty-four is still interested in the kindly activities which have made her a blessing to the community. At eighty her doctor, a first-class man of science, pronounced her *in extremis*, one to whom continued existence meant only the continuance of mechanical functions. Another doctor, called in despite of more or lest protest because of the suggestion of cruelty in attempting to delay the natural end, applied radical treatment and stimulants, with a result that seemed almost a resurrection.

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Behind the new possibilities of prolonging life even for the very old, of adding new chances to standard tables of "expectancy," there is sometimes, as in the case of the Spectator's friend—and the Spectator believes that this will be increasingly true of the future—the promise of something far more satisfying than a stagnant existence. There is a price for mere living which few of us think we care to pay, because of the preference for wearing out to rusting out. This is occasionally brought home to us, as when the Spectator once paid a visit to an old colored man in Bermuda, said by local tradition to be one hundred and ten years old. "Uncle," asked the Spectator, "how do you manage to pass the time?" "Bless you!" was the reply, "I don't pass the time. The time passes me."

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So much stress is laid on the advantage of youth that it was refreshing to the Spectator the other day to run across this sentence: "Finally, he had the great advantage of living long." The sentence is in the conclusion of James Bryce's study of Disraeli. "Many a statesman," Mr. Bryce adds, "has died at fifty, and passed from the world's memory, who might have become a figure in history with twenty years more of life." Years are a test of character, and long life gives the strong man opportunity so "to impress his individuality upon people as to make them accept it as an ultimate fact." Thus they come to interpret what he does in the light of what they have known him to be, and apply to him an individual standard. Such special recognition comes to the strong man largely as the reward of his steadfast bearing for years before he makes good his place, his "fortitude, patience, constancy under defeat, unwavering self-confidence—gifts rarer than mere intellectual power, gifts that deserve the influence they bestow." This, as the Spectator reads it, is the felicitous disclosure of the secret of "the great advantage of living long" for one who has the discernment to appreciate it and the strength of character to apply it.

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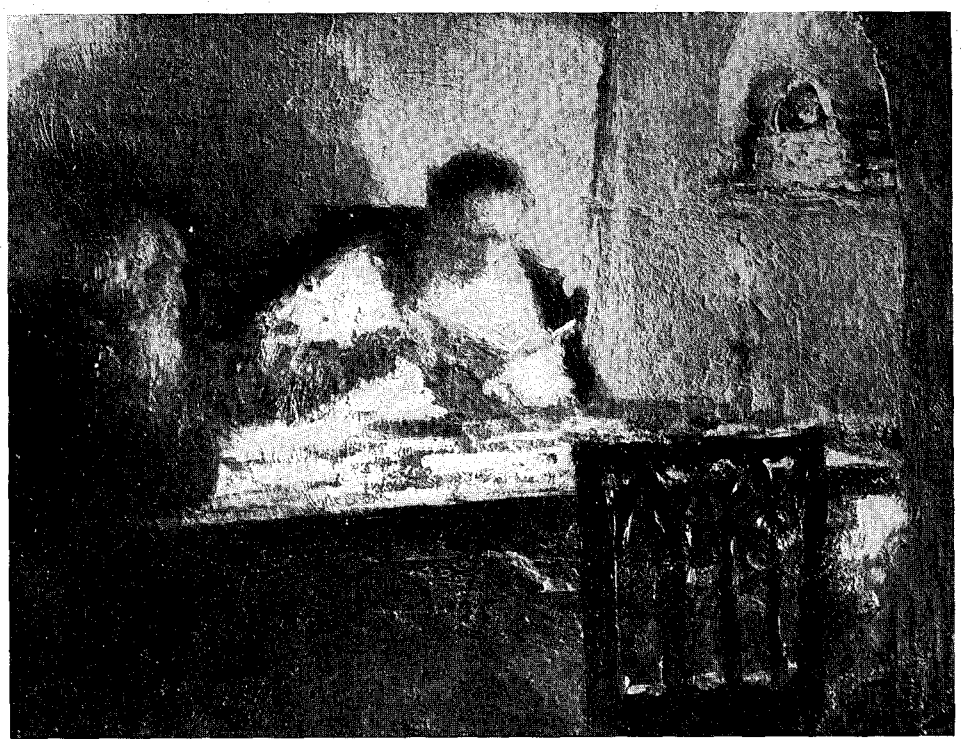

DRAWN BY L. PASTERNAK

TOLSTOY IN HIS STUDY WITH HIS FRIEND GUÈ

Tolstoy in the Heart of Russia[1]

By Edward A. Steiner

Illustrated with Pictures by L. Pasternak and J. Rèpin, and with Photographs

IN the year 1881 Countess Tolstoy and the children moved to Moscow for the winter, and Tolstoy followed reluctantly on foot. The education of the sons and daughters who had outgrown their English and German governesses, and the desire for the social life of the metropolis which Countess Tolstoy wished her children to enjoy, overcame all her husband's opposition. They settled in their own home, which the Countess had purchased in the most southeastern portion of the city, far enough from its center to enjoy the winding Moscow River and the "Sparrow Mountains," as the low hills which stretch along its shores are called. The home was humble enough; a two-story wooden house with a garden and a large yard, and no one would suspect it of being the abode of a Russian aristocrat, unless it were for the air of neglect which pervades it, and which in Russia is the characteristic atmosphere of the homes of the great as well as of those of the lowly. Close to it is the "Dyevitsche Polo" (the Maiden Field)—a popular resort of the common people—and here, too, is the "Dyevitsche Monastir" (the Maiden Cloister), one of the most interesting convents in Moscow, which is richly blessed by many institutions of the same kind, not all of them so historic or picturesque as this one, which has its name from the fact that during the Tartar domination of Russia it paid tribute to the alien, not only in gold, but also in human flesh in the shape of a certain number of virgins.

Thus, close to the people for whom Tolstoy fought and to a citadel of that

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Church which he opposed, he again lived the city's life, but in a far different way. He who had enjoyed riding behind fiery horses now walked over the rough pavements of Moscow. One day, wearied by his walk, he approached a cab-driver, who, after naming his price, looked him over and said, "Poor people must cut their coat according to their cloth," and drove on without his would-be passenger, whom he treated as he would the poorest mujik, much to the delight of Tolstoy. No one would have recognized in him the dandy of thirty years before, and when he walked through the streets he was lost among the common people, like whom he appeared and with whom he loved to mingle. He had no little difficulty in gaining access to public places which the better class of people frequented, and one day, wishing to go to the "Aristocratic Club," where one of his plays was being rehearsed, he was carried out bodily by the irate porter. His life and his feelings were now so changed that there was little in Moscow which could give him pleasure, and much which brought him every moment unspeakable pain. Everywhere he saw obtrusive piety—hats lifted, fingers crossed, and knees bowed before countless images—but nowhere the brotherly spirit, the humble service, the Christ life in its simplicity and power. On every street corner were churches and chapels with gilded or gayly painted towers, making the city look as if it had floated down from the mystic skies of the "Arabian Nights." The walls of these churches were so jeweled and adorned that the stones of one outshone those of another, making the rich decorations look commonplace and dull, yet all around them were indescribable poverty, squalor, drunkenness, and brute force.

Close to the altars the merchandisers had pushed their counters full of holy candles, holy oils, and holy cakes, which the poor bought with their hard-earned money in the hope of appeasing an angry deity, making the Christ propitious to their needs or the Virgin their advocate before her holy Son. Rapidly and mechanically, although melodiously and sonorously, gorgeously robed priests read prayers in an unknown tongue, and their ever-repeated "Gospodin Pomiluyeh," "Lord have mercy," was the only intelligible and true sentence which they uttered; and indeed they needed to cry for mercy. Superbly and effeminately gowned in silks and satins and wrapped in expensive furs, they were driven to the homes of the wealthy who desired their incantations; they ate themselves fat behind the altar and left the people lean before it. A thousand times over they sold the body of Christ for more or less than thirty shillings, and yet "thanked God that they were not like other men," especially not like the poor mujik upon whose soul-hunger they fed themselves while filling him with "husks which the swine did not eat." They left the blind in their darkness; and those who desired to see, they robbed of both power and opportunity to do so. The cities of which for centuries they had been the masters they left deep in moral mire, and the villages, where they were both priest and God, they did not save from physical and spiritual ruin. "In their teaching they have lowered the idea of God to a heathenish conception of him, and the faith thus built upon him is a deception and a lie which has definite but low ends in view." Such were the accusations which Tolstoy hurled against the Church and her ministers, and it is no small wonder that he was called the Antichrist, and was finally excommunicated and condemned as a heretic and an enemy of the Christian religion.

The more Tolstoy was estranged from the Church the more he felt himself drawn toward some of the sects which had their beginnings two centuries ago as a protest against the radical ideas of Peter the Great, but many of which have now become most radical. Their teachings are crude and at times immoral, and range all the way from a pure and spiritual conception of Christianity to a fanatical deprecation of everything that is human, often ending in the self-destruction of the believers and burying or burning one another alive. The persecuted ultra-orthodox sects gave birth to new ones, chief among them the Bespofzy or priestless com-

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munities, which are gaining new converts rapidly. The most radical among them are the Nemolazi or non-prayers, who have done away with all outward forms of religion and pray to God only in the spirit. They interpret the Scriptures in an entirely spiritual way, every fact and person being to them only a symbol of some great truth. Thus the Virgin Mary represents purity of soul, baptism the cleansing from sin, the Lord's Supper the spiritual feeding upon the word of God. There are sects which call themselves simply Christians, and some out of these see in each individual a reincarnation of Christ; others again try to live the primitive Christianity without forms or dogmas. They fast, chastise themselves, and, like the Shakers, dance in their religious ecstasy. The Duchoborzy, or spirit wrestlers, with whose subsequent history Tolstoy is so closely connected, are the latest and most spiritual development of this movement. Their teachings may be briefly summarized thus: God lives in every human soul, and because God lives in every soul, therefore all human beings are equal. Christ is born, crucified, and resurrected in every life. After death the soul of the departed is reincarnated in another being, in a new-born child. In common with many of these sects, the Duchoborzy use no alcohol, tobacco, or meat, and refuse the carrying of arms, being non-resistants. It is on account of this last peculiarity that they have been persecuted by the Russian Government, banished to Siberia, and finally permitted to emigrate to Canada. Crimes are practically unknown among them, and their private quarrels are never brought before the court. They do not acknowledge any government, and say, "Our conscience is our Czar, and our love for one another is our court, our judgment-hall, and our defense."

Not all these sects have acted like leaven, but rather like an acid,

PAINTED BY J. REPIN

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

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DRAWN BY L. PASTERNAK

TOLSTOY IN THE HOME CIRCLE

slowly, very slowly, destroying the body of the Church out of whose bones they have sprung. Among the noblest fruits of this sectarianism is a certain Sutajeff. This man was a pure and simple-minded peasant who was Tolstoy's guest for a month, and upon whom his history, which is full of interest, was not without its effect. Sutajeff lost a daughter by death, and the priest refused to bury her unless the full amount which he demanded, and which the poor peasant did not possess, was paid. The peasant buried her without the priest's blessing or assistance, and then, wishing to know for himself the religion which taught such conduct, he began to learn to read the Bible when he was past middle age, and found not only that the Gospel and the priest's actions did not harmonize, but that the Church did not reflect or emphasize its teachings. When another child was born to him, he did not have it baptized, because he found nothing in the Gospel to warrant such an act. The priest, cheated out of his fee, came upon Sutajeff with curses and maledictions, and when the peasant showed him the Gospel, he tore it out of his hands and trampled upon it in his rage. This led Sutajeff to break away completely from the Church, to proclaim the truths he had found in the Gospel, and, above all, to live them. When some of his neighbors stole his grain, he ran after them with a bag which they had forgotten, "for," he said, "fellows who have to steal must be hard up." These thieves afterwards became his most ardent disciples. A beggar woman to whom he gave lodging stole the bedding and ran away with it. She was pursued by the neighbors, and just about to be put into prison, when Sutajeff appeared, became her advocate, and gave her food and money for her journey.

Tolstoy was an eye-witness to this occurrence, and it made a deep impression upon him. Although Sutajeff's influence over him was very great, and their teachings were related, they did not borrow from each other, but each found independently of the other "the way, the truth, and the life." From this time dates Tolstoy's acquaintance with the Duchoborzy, or spirit wrestlers, who represent the culmination of that spiritual movement which has been going on among the peasantry of Russia, and

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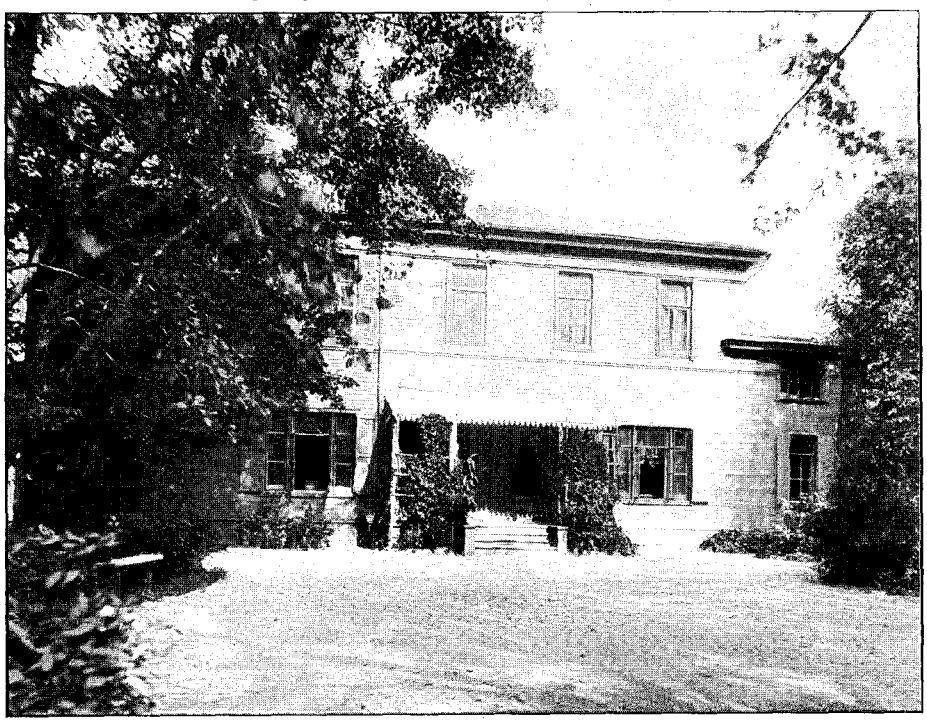
which in Tolstoy found a scientific interpreter and a noble champion.

Tolstoy's influence upon the religious life of the Russian peasants has been limited by their illiteracy, and not by their unwillingness or incapacity to receive the truth which he tried to teach them. Wherever the stories for the people which he was then writing could be read, there they could be understood, for he wrote them as if he had fathomed the soul of the peasant, and he gave him the very food he needed. The language is as simple as that of a child, the truth it conveys as deep and far-reaching as that of any sage, and one would not meet very much opposition if one declared his short peasant tales his masterpieces. At least they made his name famous among the lowly in Russia, and one need only pass through the markets of Moscow to realize their importance. The licensed colporteurs of the Holy Synod call out their holy wares in some such alluring way as this: "Come and buy 'The story of a woman who died, went to Heaven, and returned again.'" They sell catechisms which are the essence of stupidity, and which cannot help adding to the density through which the souls of the poor are trying to grow towards the light. Beside these colporteurs stand un-uniformed and unlicensed boys who sell for a penny the folk-tales by Tolstoy; and any one who has read them must feel that they will work for both the wholesomeness and the true holiness of their many readers. Those who can, read them to others, and large groups of men gather round a booklet bought for a kopek, which may be called one of the best religious tracts in existence. In the prisons of Moscow one may hear the stories read and retold, and their influence upon the prisoners is said to be exceedingly wholesome.

The clergy of Russia considers Tolstoy's influence upon the religious life of the people extremely baleful, and from its standpoint it is justified in its belief. There are fewer people to-day, especially in holy Moscow, who crawl in the dust before the Iberian Madonna, and more people who see an idolatrous practice and a shrewd business in the visits which the picture makes for so many rubles a call; there are fewer peasants making pilgrimages to holy shrines and



TOLSTOY'S HOME IN MOSCOW

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neglecting their harvests and the care of their families, and more who know the definition of true religion. How much this is due to Tolstoy's influence is hard to tell, because a great deal that calls itself by his name has never felt his power and is not always of his spirit; but the following incident is somewhat characteristic. Riding in a cab through the streets of Moscow, the writer noticed that his driver did not cross himself when passing a church or shrine, and upon questioning the man as to why he did not follow the prevailing custom, he replied very curtly, "Tolstoy says we mustn't." In spite of almost general denial, the priesthood itself has felt the influence of Tolstoy's teachings, and, while there are no desertions from the ranks of the Church, many priests have learned from him their real functions and are trying to be to their people true shepherds. In not a few villages there are priests who are trying to live the Christ life, and the writer has met some of them who acknowledge that, while they believe Tolstoy's teachings to be full of error, they have been stimulated by them and especially by his life, and that the Gospels now have a new meaning for them and for their people.

The Moscow to which Tolstoy returned had changed in many respects. In spite of its tendency to look toward the East and the past, the West had asserted itself, and brought much of modern culture and many modern problems. Surrounding the city and beside the glittering domes were huge smokestacks, those breathing-holes of the industrial giant under whose sway the holy city is coming more and more. The shrill factory whistle is still drowned by the sound of the thousands of bells which make the air of Moscow vibrant with their metallic voices, but they were being heard in the pauses between those long holidays which the Church maintains as strong bulwarks against "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and which in reality make their dominion greater and stronger. The peasantry, which used to come its hundreds of miles to sell its agricultural products and then return to its mud huts, now had homes in the city where labor was badly needed and most miserably paid. The agricultural State was beginning to be industrial, and the creation of a new industrial class was as natural as it was necessary. The peasant was beginning to lose his ignorance as well as his simplicity, and although he had more money than ever, he had greater needs, greater vices, and more galling poverty. Tolstoy came in touch with this new class during the taking of the census in 1885, when he enrolled as one of the voluntary census-takers. Faithfully he went from house to house and from door to door, counting the souls and recording names and stations in life. He has never fully described what he saw, underground and overground, of pain, misery, poverty, and ignorance, but it caused him, when he was fifty-five years of age, to cry out for the strength and the inventive genius of youth, and to say, "Oh, to invent a machine which could lift the burden from the backs of the people! Let us come together and do it now; let us lift together with a long and strong pull." Impatiently he turns against the science of statistics and says, "Let us forget that there are so-and-so many poor in London, and let us begin to work here and now." He had plans for asylums into which should be gathered the many poor and homeless of Moscow, but he found it all beyond his strength. On one street, the "Rascals' Market," as it is called, he found no less than nine thousand homeless vagabonds, the scum of society, which is nowhere more repulsive or more miserable than it is here. His home was nightly filled by guests who came with social schemes like his own, each one more complicated than the other, each one forgetting in its reckoning to reckon with the fundamental thing—human nature as it is. He was besieged by beggars, and the more he gave the more miserable he made them, although it was the greatest pleasure of his life to give.

He deeply felt this modern problem of Moscow, this human sorrow in a new form—even as he had always felt another's woe. Nor was it that kind of love which is a feeling for a class and covers a multitude of sinners out of one's sight; he saw and felt and loved

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DRAWN BY J. REPIN

TOLSTOY'S WORKROOM

the individual. One day he found a little neglected girl standing in a half-frozen puddle, her face pale, her lips blue, her teeth chattering. He drew her out of the mire, led her into a tea-house, warmed her, fed her, and sent her away rejoicing. Two days after, the writer, who had witnessed the scene, called upon him and found him still depressed by the thought of the little girl. "To think of it! That no one cared for the child." Growing more and more conscious of the fact that he could do nothing to change existing conditions until men were changed, he preached, to all social reformers who came, a very unsatisfactory sermon, whose text was, "The kingdom of God is within you," and whose substance was, "You can't reform men until you are reformed. The kingdom of God has to begin here, now and in you, and you have to live it by love into another and another soul." Russian revolutionists had no support whatever from a man with such views, although the State considers him more dangerous than the avowed terrorist whom it can quickly silence, and whose disappearance from Moscow is noticed only by a few.

It is providential that Tolstoy had the power of fame and the harmlessness

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of the non-resistant, for these two facts have saved him from the exile into which have been sent countless numbers who have provoked the authorities far less than has he. He lives in open enmity against the government whose power over him he does not acknowledge, whose corruption, cruelty, and hypocrisy he has exposed over and over again, and whose absolutism he is undermining more than any other person in Russia. Whether he wished to or not, he became the soul of all the opposition, and the dissatisfied of every class have gathered around his banner, whose reasoning they do not and care not to understand. He became without doubt the strongest man in Russia, in spite of his defenseless condition; stronger than the Czar who lives in daily terror for his life, stronger than the officials who, in spite of Cossacks and their whips, are making the country ripe for revolution and their own speedy overthrow.

Tolstoy's favorite walk in Moscow was down the river bank to the Kreml, that mixture of Church and State, of barbarism and civilization, that last citadel of an absolute monarchy among civilized people. Rugged, quaint, and queer as is the Kreml was this frequent visitor on whose footsteps fastened numbers of beggars from whom he never turned away. One day, he says, he was going to give some money to a beggar when the watch came and with the butt of his gun began to drive away the importunate fellow. Tolstoy remonstrated, and asked him whether he did not know the Gospels, in which Christ commanded us to love our neighbor and do good even to those who hate us, and the puzzled gendarme replied shrewdly, "You may know the Gospels, but you don't know the military regulations." Yet not with military regulations will they build up this rich and great country, now so desperately poor, or pacify these peaceful millions who are slowly reaching the limit of their endurance. The more they beat them with butts of guns, the more quickly they will wake from their slumber and make the "Red Place" in front of the Kreml crimson from the blood of the slain. The regulations of the military governor of Moscow may create momentary awe, but one need not see far or keenly to feel the growing disorder and dissatisfaction among all classes. Tolstoy, who lives under the regulations of Jesus, has more power over the mass of the Russian people than has the garrison of Moscow, which lives under the regulations of the governor. Some people accuse Tolstoy of flight and moral cowardice, because he went back to his beloved Yasnaya Polyana. It may have been flight, but it was not cowardice. He should have stayed at the center, borne the brunt, felt all the hopelessness, and brought in a ray of light, even if he could not bring in the daybreak; but his love of nature drew him out of the pestilential air of the city to the health-giving green of his little village, and he obeyed the needs of his body, and of his mind and soul, which required rest, quiet, and time to work. But even in Yasnaya Polyana he was not hid, and the eyes of the world followed him among the white sapling birches as they had followed him among the gorgeous churches and black smokestacks of that city which is the center of Russian intolerance, the Jerusalem of her high priesthood and orthodox believers, even as Yasnaya Polyana is the Mecca of all those who believe that the law of Jesus must be made the law of life.

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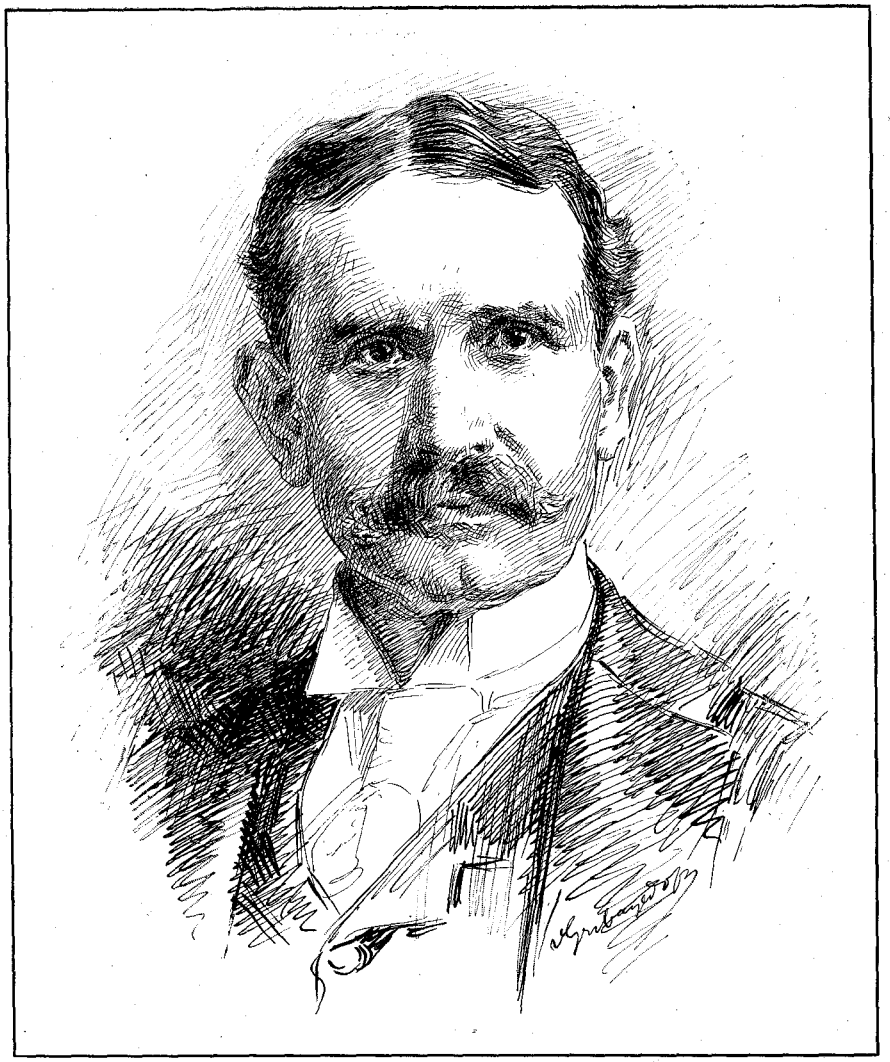

DRAWN FOR THE OUTLOOK BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF

David H. Greer

DR. GREER, Bishop Coadjutor-Elect of the diocese of New York, has been for a number of years past rector of one of its richest churches, and, like Dr. Huntington, has made a church largely attended by society people notable for its generosity, its vitality, and its extraordinary working power. He has the gift, not only of interesting congregations, but of securing the confidence of men of affairs, and he has been the adviser of men of wealth in their generosities to a very uncommon extent. Slender in figure, with an attractive and striking face, quick in movement, full of energy and vitality, Dr. Greer has become of late years a very dramatic preacher. In the pulpit he is always in dead earnest. His vocabulary is ample and fits his thought. His delivery is impassioned, and his sermons are rarely without a dramatic climax. Socially he is very accessible. He has the Southern temperament. He enjoys social life and contributes his share to it. His principal recreation is riding;

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and, like Bishop Potter, he has long been a familiar figure on the riding-paths in Central Park. He loves a good horse and knows one when he sees it. There is nothing of the recluse about him, and nothing of the priest in his appearance. Always well dressed—thoroughly groomed, as the phrase goes—he looks like a man in touch with the world. His consecration to his work is quite as great, however, as if he wore a hair-cloth shirt or the robe of a religious order, and he spends himself at times recklessly in the service of others. He is a strong Churchman; he believes thoroughly in his own Church, but he is fundamentally and by instinct a Christian, quick to recognize the fruits of religion wherever he finds them, and to find his brother behind every creed and in every social condition. He is a man of broad thought and sympathy, very little concerned with theology, very much concerned with practical piety. He is also a clear, vigorous, independent thinker with a fresh and vivid power of statement. His speech is always impressive, and on occasions very striking. In the few words in which he accepted the decision of the Diocesan Convention he visibly moved the whole assemblage made up of clergymen of all classes and minds; and Episcopalians of every shade have expressed the deepest satisfaction in the result of his election as Bishop Coadjutor of New York.

The Seafarers

By Emerson Gifford Taylor

Light heart, brave heart,
Drear the sea around us!
Stanch heart, true heart,
Tell 'em where they found us.
A thousand miles from anywhere;
Ice and gale and the rocket's flare;
Weather enough and a bit to spare;—
"Assistance declined!" We'll do if we dare.

Light heart, brave heart,
Dull the sea around us!
Stanch heart, true heart,
Tell 'em where they found us.
Steady, steady, though the sun
Beat us faint; and the voyage begun
Seems not to end; and each slow day's run
Is reckoned in slow hours, one by one.

Light heart, brave heart,
Sweet the sea around us!
Stanch heart, true heart,
Tell 'em where they found us.
Sandy Hook to Cavité;
Liverpool Docks to Mandalay!—
Joy of the sea-life, not the bay
Where you rust at your moorings through the day.

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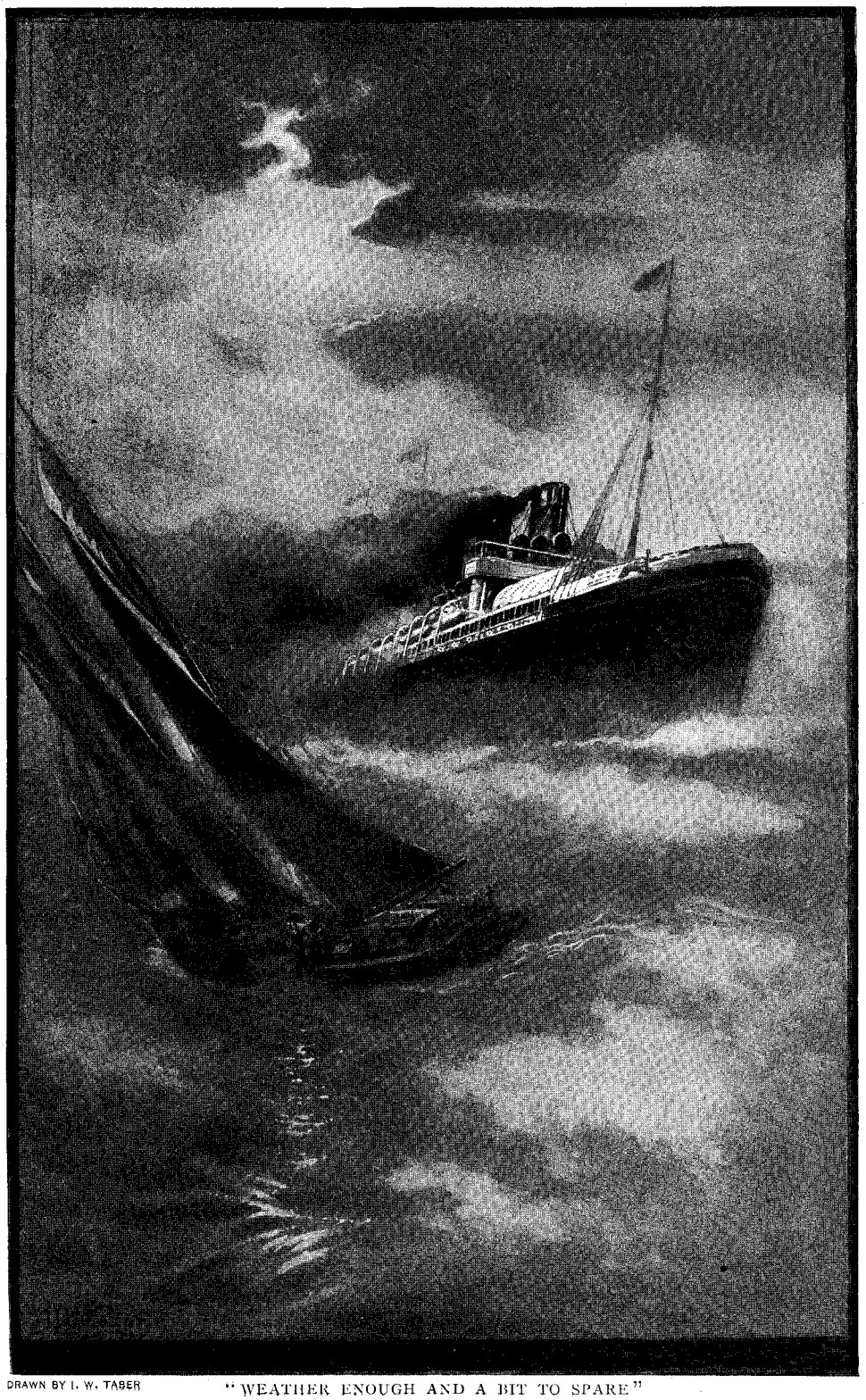

DRAWN BY I. W. TABER

"WEATHER ENOUGH AND A BIT TO SPARE"

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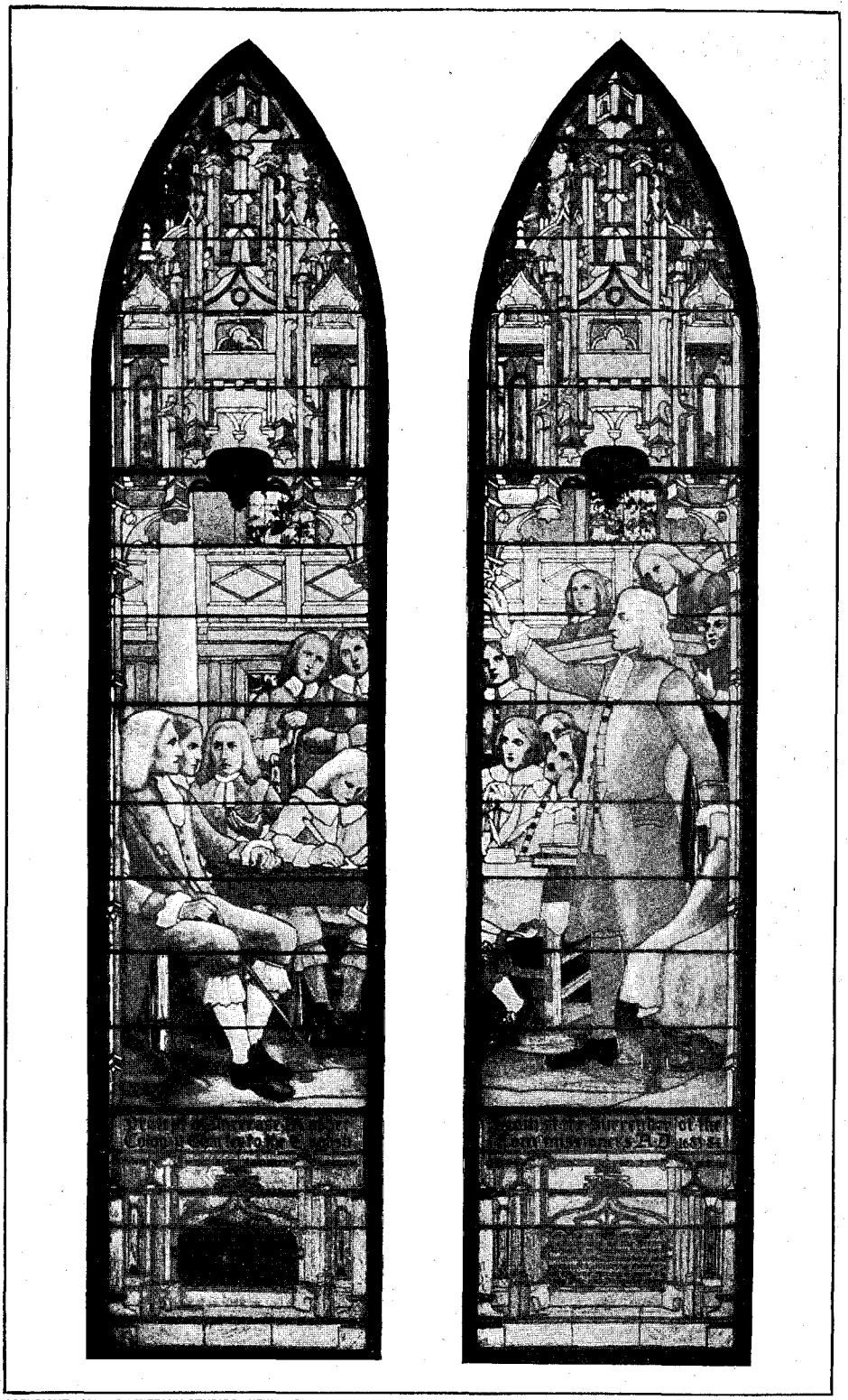

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THE MINISTER'S WINDOW IN THE SECOND CHURCH

Representing the protest of Increase Mather against the surrender of the colony charter to the English Commissioner.

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INCREASE MATHER
Second Pastor of the Second Church.

"A Nest of Liberty"

By the Rev. Thomas Van Ness

THE year 1649 was a memorable one for the Puritan colony clustered around Massachusetts Bay. Although scarcely twenty years had elapsed since the first camp was pitched on land now included in Boston, yet the time had been sufficient to bring about noticeable changes in the appearance of the little settlement. Where before there had been dense thickets there were now to be seen pleasant gardens; trees had been felled to give place to streets, wharves extended out into the harbor, and the first low temporary cabins were being replaced by convenient stores and dwellings, some of which were made even of brick, tile, and stone.

"I will harry them out of the land," had been the threat of King James in reference to the Puritans, and he had succeeded only too well in his sinister object. During the turbulent reign of his son Charles something like a thousand Englishmen a year were leaving the old home for the new, most of them settling in or about Boston. In consequence the young town was beginning to give every promise of growing into a thriving and powerful city.

It was in the early part of 1649 that Charles I. was beheaded by order of Parliament, and when the news reached Boston there was much rejoicing. The more visionary of the Puritans felt that the King's downfall was synonymous with the establishment of God's commonwealth. Accordingly, since the population now warranted it, it was decided to establish another religious organization, the outward and visible sign of the divine commonwealth which was about to be set up on earth. Seven men were set

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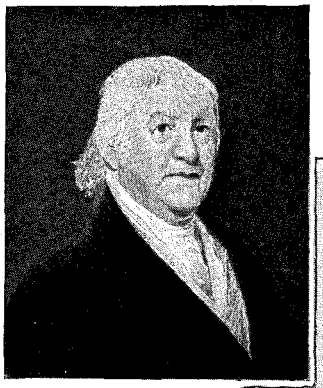
apart from the First Church—the church of Winthrop and Dudley—"to found ye Second Church of Christe in Boston."

A site was selected for the new meeting-house at the head of North Square, and in June of the following year (1650), "at the gathering of the church," the original seven members, Michael Powell, James Ashwood, Christopher Gibson, and four of their friends, were united by a sacred covenant.

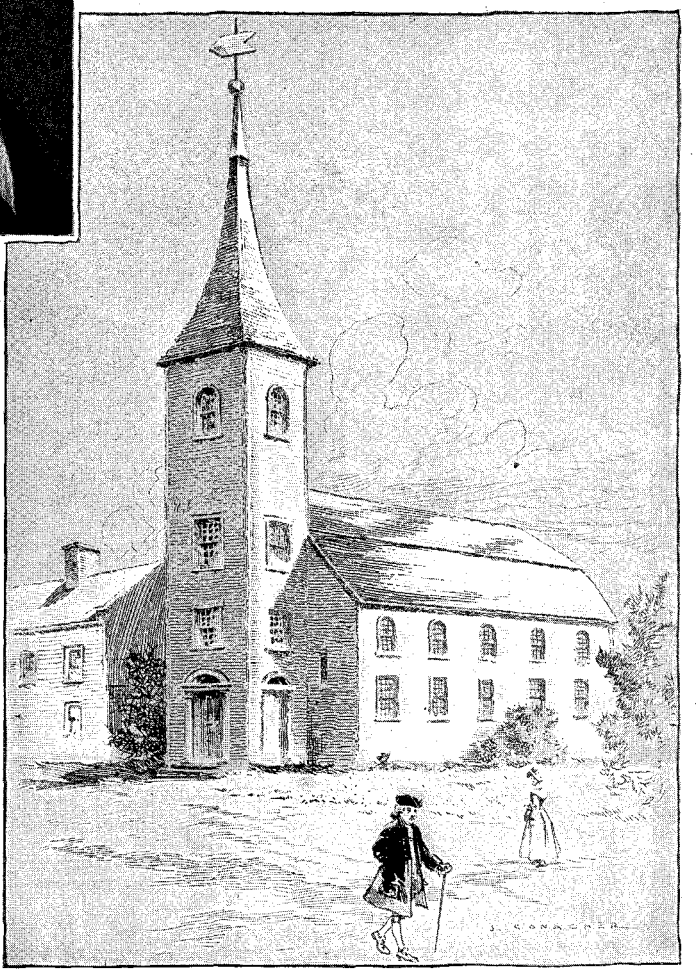
"We here freely this day," so the covenant asserts, "do avouch the Lord to be our God and ourselves to be his people." It



PAUL REVERE

is not compulsion which dictates their act. No presbytery, synod, bishop, or pope demands that a Second Church be started in the little colony. No; it is a layman's movement, a people's church, a democratic organization. The stamp once placed upon it by those seven Puritan founders, every year that follows only makes deeper, more indelible, that impression. "We here freely this day do this thing." Those words fitly express what was true the Sunday after the church was founded, and the next Sunday, and, it may be added, every Sunday even unto this day.

Is it any wonder that a church so founded should always stand for political liberty, for intellectual liberty, for social fellowship, for religious democracy? No uncommon prophet is necessary to predict that such an organization, such a church, will be found on the side of learning over against superstition; will be found to uphold the spiritual interpretation of the Holy Scriptures rather than the formal and literal interpretation; will be found on the side of the people rather than on the side of the king; will join forces with the patriots and not with the Tories; will uphold the cause of union and a united republic



THE ORIGINAL SECOND CHURCH, BUILT IN 1677

This was the "Old North Meeting House." From its steeple, some claim, was hung the historic Paul Revere lantern.

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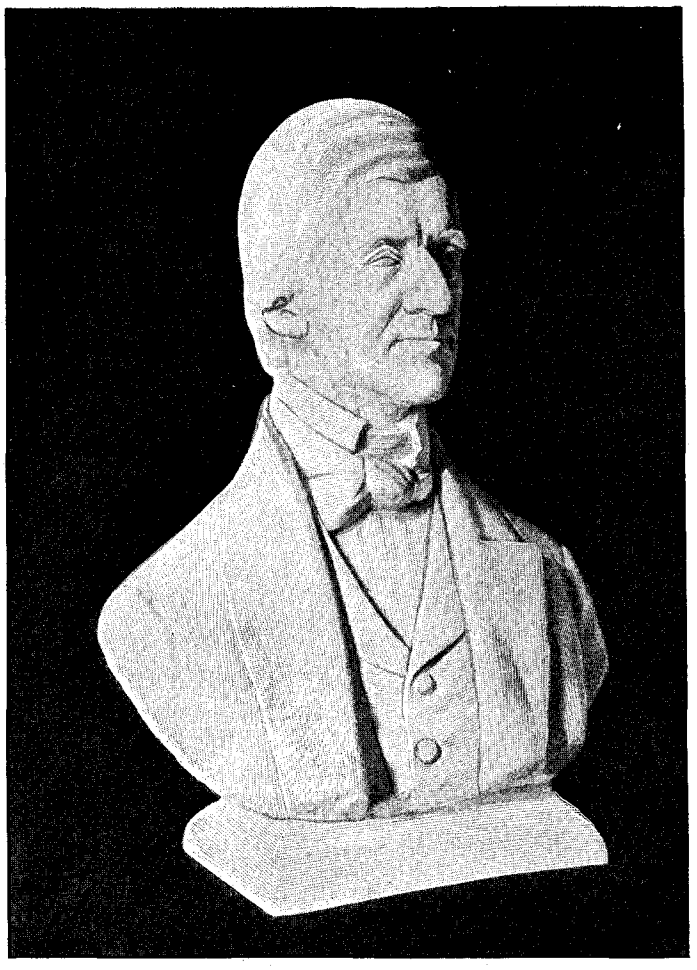

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, NINTH PASTOR OF THE SECOND CHURCH
This memorial bust, by Sidney Morse, stands in the Second Church.

and not the cause of disunion and secession.

It is interesting to observe how closely identified with the Second Church has been the Mather family. The Rev. Richard Mather, whom, when a boy, "though a bright pupil, the teacher used to beat eight times a day, whether in fault or not," was settled over the Dorchester parish, and his eldest son, Samuel, following in his father's footsteps, was ordained to the ministry. Young Samuel, who finished his education in the newly established college at Cambridge (Harvard) and was a member of its second class, delivered the dedicatory sermon. "It called forth warm encomiums even from the grave lips of the Rev. John Cotton," and the new society eagerly solicited him to become the minister. He remained only a few months, and then sailed for England. The Harvard students who had known him as their tutor (for he was the first "fellow" of the College) showed their great love for him "by putting on tokens of mourning."

It was not easy for the infant society to fill the pulpit thus suddenly made vacant. Michael Powell preached for some Sundays, and preached so acceptably that the church "would have proceeded to ordain him," but the civil authority interfered on the grounds that he was illiterate and "lacked academical education." "He might have talents and a fine spirit," argued the General Court, but "an unlearned man must not

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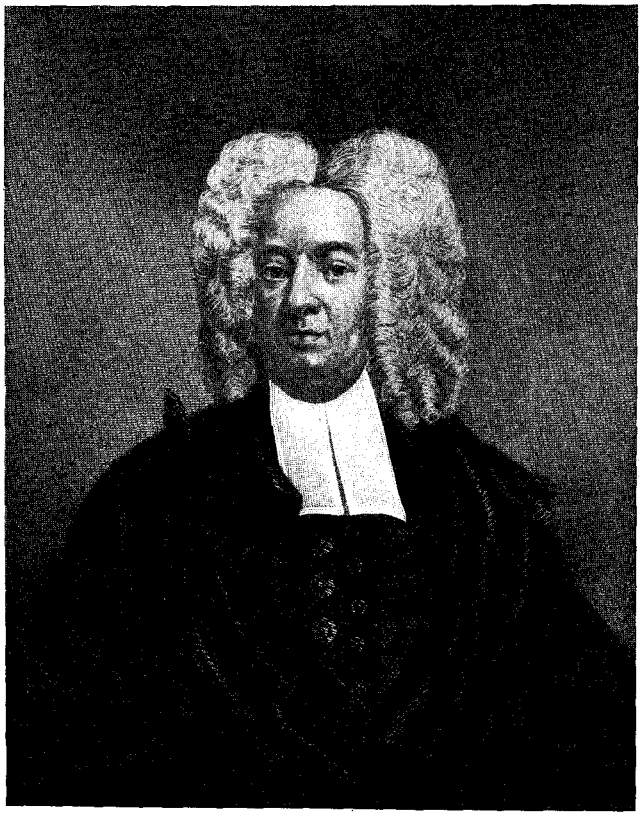

COTTON MATHER
Third Pastor of the Second Church.

be allowed to fill the teaching office *in such a place as Boston.*" Thus early in her history is Boston signaled out as an intellectual center.

The Rev. John Mayo, who does prove acceptable to the colonial authorities, remains as pastor until his death. It illustrates the funeral customs of the times to note that, though the whole cost of the funeral is put down at £10, £9 of this is spent for the two items of wine and gloves, "six shillings," says the account, "being paid for the coffin."

A volume could easily be written about Mayo's successor, the Rev. Increase Mather, one of the most conspicuous and notable characters of New England. For sixty-two years he ruled from the pulpit of the Second Church, making it, for a portion of that time, the most powerful ecclesiastical influence in the New World Puritanism. His appearance is described as peculiarly apostolical. His voice was strong and commanding, and "he delivered sentences with such a tonitruous cogency," says his son, "that the hearers are struck with awe like that produced by the fall of thunderbolts."

"*I hope there is not a freeman in Boston that can be guilty of such a thing.*" So ends one of the most momentous speeches ever made in New England, made by Increase Mather at a time when he alone of all the citizens of Boston dared brave the royal displeasure.

In 1683 Edmund Randolph, one of the bitterest enemies of the colony, was sent over by King Charles II. with the message, backed up by military force, that Massachusetts should resign its charter. The people were in a perilous dilemma. Should they brave the King's wrath or not? The majority feared to stand forth for their liberties. The question was referred to the minister of the Second Church. In his speech on the subject he said, "You will act neither the part of good Christians nor of true

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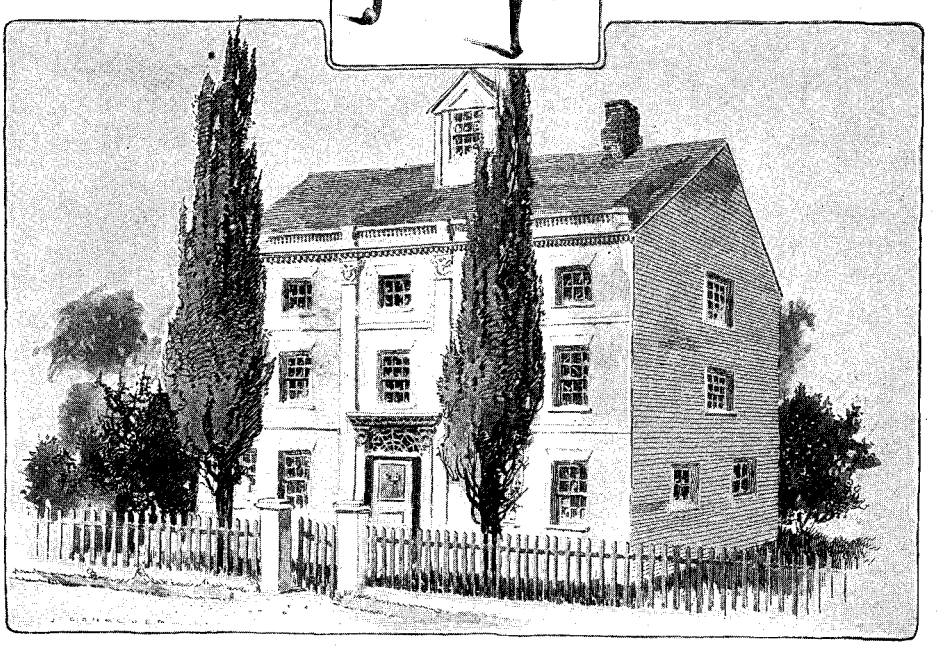
Englishmen if by any act of yours you are accessory to the plot now managing to produce a general shipwreck of liberties."

This opinion, having been circulated, excited against him the rage of the Royal Commissioner and his partisans, but Mather is not to be moved by their threats, and when the deputies to the General Court are to be instructed as to their vote, the minister pushes his way into the crowded town hall and makes a speech which electrifies all who hear it. "We shall sin against the God of heaven if we do this thing."

When Mather sat down and the vote of the meeting was taken, it was unanimous against submitting to the King.

In spite, however, of this brave stand on the part of Boston's freemen, the King revoked the charter. Randolph had Increase Mather arrested for defamation in a suit for £500 damage, but the jury courageously acquitted him. A further attempt at arrest by Sir Edmund Andros was made. It was frustrated by the vigilance of the minister's friends. An appeal to the King (now James II.) was decided upon. Increase Mather was chosen as the man. It was a dangerous mission, and successive perils encountered him on the way. History tells us how, after four years in London, during which time he not only never demanded a farthing of recompense, but actually procured in donations to the province and the college at least £900 more than all the expenses of his agency, "he returned to New England, saving his country from a rebellion or from having a constitution imposed by the will of the transatlantic sovereign at the point of the bayonet." In this connection it is unnecessary to speak of Increase Mather as President of Harvard College. A short article gives no chance to say more than that he served the College well for sixteen years. The records show it; the increase of students during his administration shows it; the testimony of two historians, Pierce and Quincy, makes it certain, as well as the language of the Legislature. He raised funds and gained friends for it, among whom was Thomas Hollis, whose noble bene-



THE MAYO-MATHER HOUSE AND COTTON MATHER'S CHAIR

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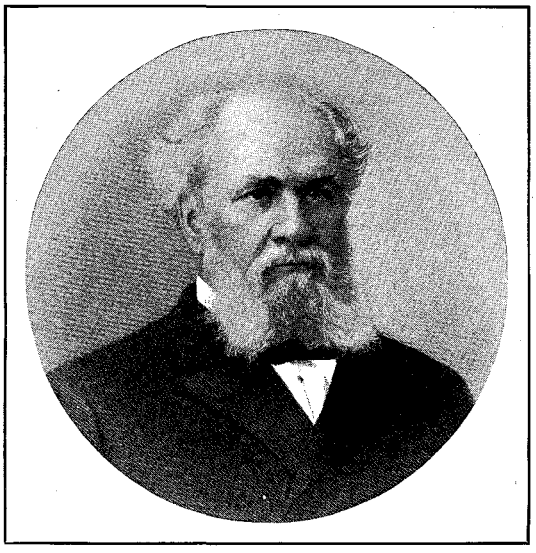
factions meant so much to Harvard in those early days.

Cotton Mather, the son—sprung from a double line of ministers, on his mother's side from the Rev. John Cotton, on his father's side from the Rev. Richard Mather—succeeded to the pulpit, one might almost say throne, of the Second Church. A character so well known needs no extended description here. President Andrew White has characterized him as a man possessing excellent abilities, a great scholar, anxious to promote the welfare of his flock, and far in advance of ecclesiastics generally on nearly all the main questions between science and theology. "He came out of his earlier superstitions," says Mr. White, "regarding the divine origin of Hebrew punctuation. He opposed the old idea regarding the taking of interest for money. He accepted the Newtonian astronomy despite the outcries against its atheistic tendency. He took ground against the time-honored dogma that comets are signs and wonders." He was, for his time, remarkably liberal and undoubtedly sincere. He had thrown off a large part of his father's theology, but one part of it he could not throw off. He was one of the best Biblical scholars of his time, and he could not break away from the fact that the sacred Scriptures explicitly recognize witchcraft and demoniacal possession as realities. Therefore it was that in 1689 he published his "Memorable Providences Relating to Witchcrafts." "The book, according to its title-page, was recommended by 'the ministers of Boston and Charlestown,' and its stories soon became the familiar reading of men, women, and children throughout New England."



HON. FREDERICK W. LINCOLN
War Mayor of Boston, and Chairman of the Second Church Standing Committee for nearly half a century.

The unfortunate results of this book, and one written by Cotton Mather's father entitled "Remarkable Providences," are too well known. The witchcraft craze can be traced back directly to the stimulus they gave to the popular imagination. It is a dark blot on the history of Massachusetts, a stain upon the character of the Rev. Cotton Mather, and yet we must remember the times in which he lived, and recall that even so eminent an authority as Sir William Blackstone declared that "to deny the actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God and the testimony of every nation in the world." Whatever may be our estimate of the Mathers, it is certain that they were held in high repute by the generation that knew them, as the following ancient tombstone doggerel fully testifies:

"Under this stone lies Richard Mather,
Who had a son greater than his father
and eke a grandson greater than either."

Little need to be said of the pastorates that follow. They are uneventful, and the records of the church are meager. Coming to 1768, we learn that Boston in that year was full of stir and upheaval. Events were happening of large importance to Massachusetts, making the people realize as they had not been made to realize since the days of Charles II. that they were subjects of Great Britain and liable at any moment to lose their individual and colonial liberties.

After the peace of Paris, in 1762,

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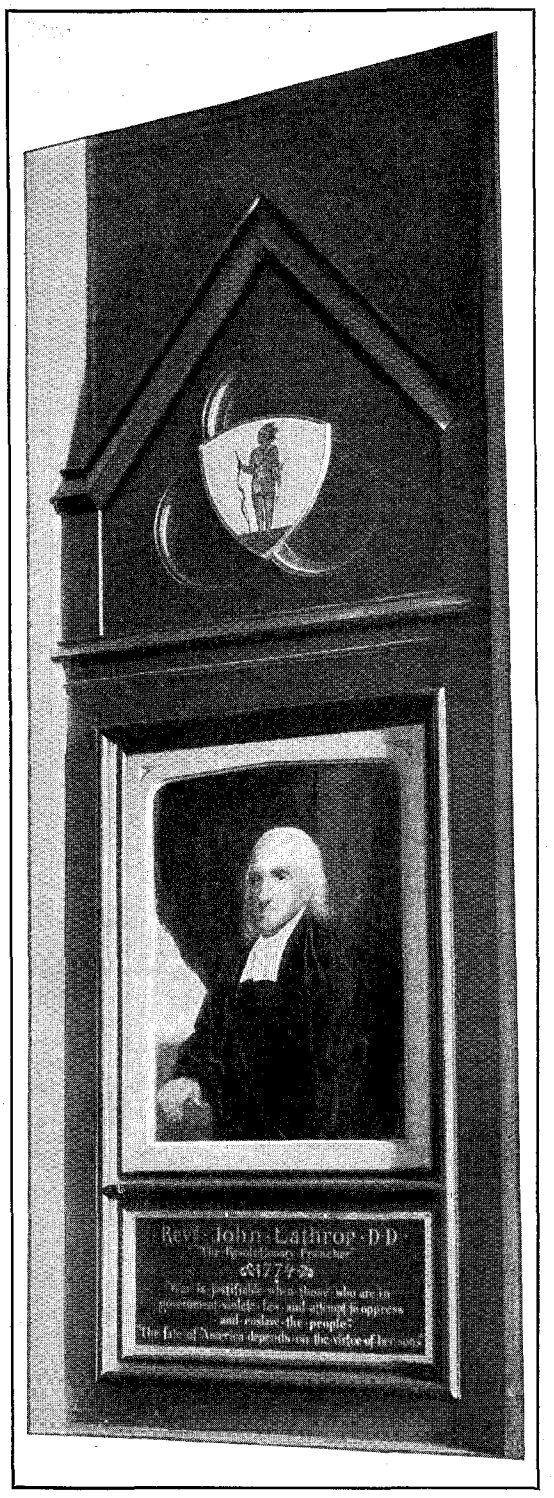
England found herself heavily in debt. Lord Bute, who came into power, was at once confronted with the question, "How shall provision be made for meeting the national burdens?" The readiest answer seemed to be "by taxing the colonies." Accordingly, Lord Bute and afterwards Lord Grenville addressed themselves to the work of devising the best ways and means to tax the American colonies. The people of Massachusetts pleaded their liberties secured by charter, but all in vain. Under so positive and headstrong a king as was George III. there was no compromise; 1768 was the year when England's decision took definite shape before the eyes of the colonists. In September a squadron of seven war vessels anchored off Nantasket, and a few days later three regiments of regulars entered Boston. Before that event, however, a British man-of-war had anchored in the channel and commenced to exercise its power in impressing a number of seamen belonging to the colony. The excitement caused by its arrival obscured largely in men's minds the fact that, on the day before, a new minister, the Rev. John Lathrop, had been ordained at the "Old North," a man not yet out of his twenties, strong, vigorous, and full of interest in the stirring events going on around him.

John Lathrop (for it was he who was to be known thereafter as the pastor of the Second Church) had come on from Connecticut to supply for the aged Samuel Checkley. At the time of his coming the congregation had no thought of settling him as its minister, but as the weeks wore on it became more and more evident that its own preacher never again could fill the pulpit. At midnight of March 18, day memorable because of the anniversary of the repeal of the



THE MEMORIAL TO JOHN LATHROP
The Revolutionary Preacher, Seventh Pastor of the Second Church.

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stamp act, day when drums were beating and guns being fired, the venerable Checkley passed from earth life and a new era was ushered in for the Second Church as well as for the colony of Massachusetts.

The stirring events going on around him were making a deep impression upon young Lathrop's mind and heart, how deep may be judged from his after actions. A test time came to him much as it came to his predecessor, Increase Mather. Once again a King backed up by military force was demanding the abrogation of Massachusetts's charter; once again patriotic feeling dare not voice itself for fear of the consequences. The year 1774 repeats 1684. Will no leader be found? Will no official in some conspicuous place, in some prominent way, utter what so many are secretly thinking—give expression to the indignation which fires so many hearts? The test to Lathrop comes in a direct and not easily turned manner. He has been asked to preach the election sermon to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. The date set is scarcely a week after Boston has been put practically under martial law. What will Lathrop do? That is the question in the minds of all those men who have crowded into the Old North. Lathrop can preach an ordinary "election" sermon. If he does, no one can find much fault. No one? Yes; "He who stands within the shadow keeping watch above his own."

The character of Lathrop's sermon, afterwards put into print and widely distributed, can be judged from a few quotations: "Why is the power of Great Britain so unnaturally directed against America? Why is this port blocked up and the trade of the place ruined? Certainly we must have been guilty as a people of the most daring crimes. . . . Have we been thus guilty? Are we thus charged? No. . . . Should the British administration determine fully to execute the laws of which we complain . . . we have yet to fear the calamities of a long civil war. Americans, rather than submit to be hewers of wood or drawers of water for any ministry or nation, *would spill their last drop of blood.*" "Those principles which justify rulers in making war on rebellious subjects *justify the people in making war upon rebellious rulers.*"

Strong, frank, "treasonable" words, these; and the congregation that sat and listened to them deserved—from the British point of view—the epithet "a nest of traitors." It is not, therefore, strange that General Howe gave willing assent to the desire "of certain evil-minded men of the King's party" to pull down the old North meeting-house. That was an end to the "nest," no doubt, but the traitorous hornets came back so stingingly that General Howe himself and his royal army were quite glad to say good-by to Boston, and the 17th of March, 1776, will be remembered by the children of the Second Church as the day when Howe marched out and Washington marched into the city.

The old North meeting-house which was thus destroyed had been standing since 1677 and was in very good repair. It was not the original meeting-house, as that had been burned in 1676, after being in use only twenty-six years. The records contain no description of this first building except to tell us that "some of the pews were accommodated with private doors through the side of the house into the street," and further that "the seats ran around all four sides of the pew."

Lathrop, like his predecessors, was intimately connected with the college at Cambridge. For nearly forty years he served as a member of the Harvard corporation. Indeed, the one thing which impresses the reader of the church records is this close relationship between Harvard and the Second Church. Samuel Mather, as was said before, was a tutor and the first "fellow" of the College. Increase Mather was its President. The next two ministers were graduates of the same institution; and, following Lathrop, Henry Ware, Jr., was one of its professors, while Emerson, who comes next, received his divinity training at Harvard and made there his celebrated Harvard Divinity School address. The names of distinguished laymen who were students and graduates

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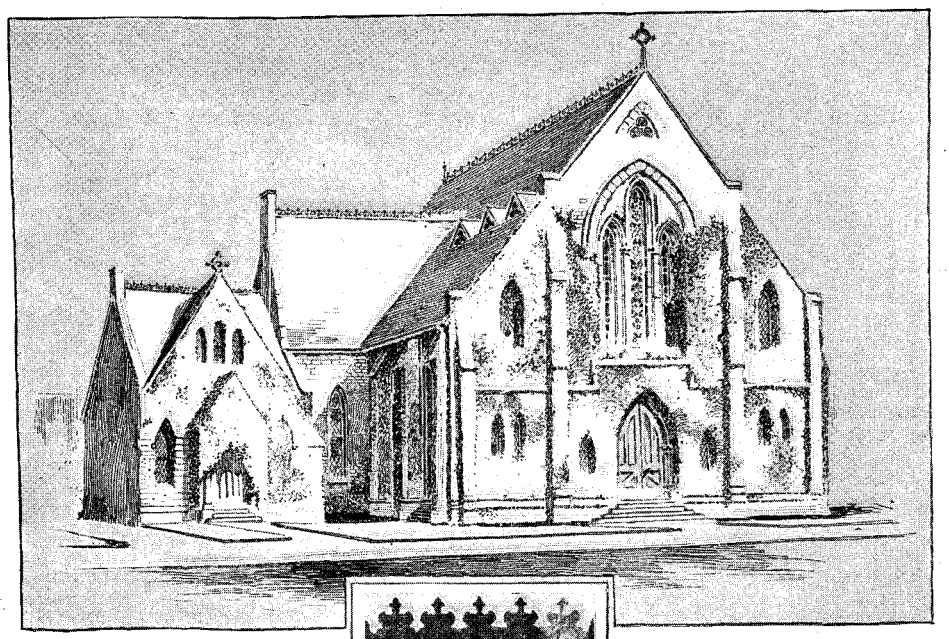

THE SECOND CHURCH IN 1899 IN COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON

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"TRUTH"
Mosaic over pulpit.

are so many that it would be tedious to try to enumerate them.

Before proceeding to describe the ministry of Lathrop's successor, the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., it is well to remember that after the evacuation of Boston by the British, when the members of the Second Church returned to their homes, they found in the place of their loved sanctuary a heap of ruins. In their disappointment and distress they were invited to worship with the Society of the "New Brick," on Hanover Street. The "New Brick" Society was an offshoot through the "New North" of the Second Church. In a sense, therefore, it was a direct union of parts. Dr. Lathrop assumed charge of the reunited organization in 1779, and at the time of his death (in 1816) the Second Church was one of the most powerful and flourishing in Boston. Perhaps Ware's best work for the community is his temperance work. In an age when drinking was a universal habit, it needed moral courage to stand out so boldly and champion an unpopular cause. How new and startling were his words on this subject may be judged from the fact that his "Discourse on Temperance" put on sale in this country had a most extensive circulation, and the twelfth thousand was prepared to meet the demands in London.

Henry Ware's ministry cannot be dismissed without some mention of the Benevolent Fraternity, an organization classed to-day as one of the most potent factors in the field of philanthropy. At about the time of Ware's ordination Channing was calling the attention of men, as no one before had ever done so eloquently, to the needs of practical work. By Channing's emphasis on the dignity of human nature, by his insistence on man's sonship with God, he helped to create a humanitarian fervor and a philanthropic desire which soon found expression in all sorts and kinds of attempts to alleviate the condition of the poor. Ware followed Channing's lead, or, to be more accurate, preached on

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parallel lines, and soon the "Old North" became a center for practical activities. Nearly all these attempts—and this is what might naturally be expected—were laymen's movements. A group of young men here, a half-dozen older men there, interested themselves in organizing a Sunday-school for poor children, in establishing workingmen's clubs, in starting a series of popular discourses, and, what was of more importance, in making house-to-house visits on the sick, the unfortunate, and those out of employment. Along with other ministers, Ware spoke from time to time at these popular Sunday services, but it was impossible for him, with his varied pastoral duties, to more than stimulate his laymen. Accordingly, before long the need of some directive head was felt, and Joseph Tuckerman was called from Chelsea to take general charge of the work. From such small beginnings the present Associated Charity system found in nearly every large city of the United States, it may be said, has sprung. The Benevolent Fraternity at present employs thirteen ministers and assistants, fifty paid workers, and over two hundred efficient volunteer helpers. It owns and operates such well-known chapels, missions, and industrial schools as the "Morgan Memorial," the "North End Union," the "Parker Memorial," and the Bulfinch Place Church. The spirit and aims of Ware, Channing, and Tuckerman are still potent, and the President of the Fraternity is to-day the minister of the Second Church, as for so many years was his predecessor, the Rev. E. A. Horton.

Some time in 1829 Harvard College elected Ware to the chair of pulpit eloquence and pastoral care. In preparation for this new office he spent the best part of a year in Europe, giving the care of his pulpit into the hands of Emerson, who in the early part of the year had been installed as Mr. Ware's colleague.

"The tall, spare young man with the sweet, mild face" who now stood in the Second Church pulpit as the regular minister was listened to with astonishment, with interest, with curiosity, but scarcely with approval. At the close of the Rev. Henry Ware's pastorate the Second Church was a strong and aristocratic church. That is only another way of saying that it had grown to be a conventionalized church, where the amenities, the religious usages, and the correct customs were beginning to count for much, for very much indeed.

It might seem to an outside observer that no more inappropriate pulpit in all Boston could have been found for the young prophet who came to preach the freedom of the spirit. It might seem so, and yet possibly no better, no more sympathetic, one could have been found in which to declare his beliefs.

It was not by mere chance that Ralph Waldo Emerson happened to be called to the pastorate of the Second Church, any more than that the Rev. John Lathrop some sixty years before happened to be called by chance. No; like draws like, whether among the atoms, the stars, or among men. Rarely does a club, community, or church escape from its initial impulse. What creates it, what sets it going, distinguishes it in after years, marks it off as characteristic.

"*Being called of God to enter into church fellowship together.*"

There you have the initial impulse in the original covenant of the Second Church. Michael Powell, Christopher Gibson, and the others who formed themselves into a church estate believed just as much that they were called upon to do as they did, as did ever Abraham when he went forth from Chaldea to establish the worship of Jehovah among the Canaanites.

"Being called of God," so I presume Lathrop would have explained his patriotic act in 1774; "Being called of God, I freely this day do this thing." That same phrase, doubtless, Increase Mather would have used if asked what prompted him to speak so heroically at the town meeting. It is the initial impulse, given to the Second Church by its founders, which, continuing into the nineteenth century, led Emerson to stand forth in moral bravery to plead for freedom of the spirit instead of slavish adhesion to form. "Being called of God to do this thing." What better reason could Emerson have given for his action?

The avowed cause of Emerson's

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leaving the pulpit was not the real cause. The real cause was a conflict between formalism and freedom; the avowed cause was a difference of opinion as to how the Lord's Supper should be celebrated.

"I thought to carry them with me," he acknowledged in after years when speaking of his resignation. "I thought to carry them with me."

Ah, Emerson would have known better had he been forty-nine instead of twenty-nine. Youth does not and cannot appreciate at its full worth the power of memories, of sentiment, of association. It was this power which defeated him when the vote was taken, not the radicalism of his views.

The Rev. Mr. Emerson always retained the most affectionate remembrance of his pastorate in Boston. In 1845, in response to a request that he furnish an article for a little book about to be published by the Second Church, entitled "Our Pastor's Offering," he wrote: "It would have given me pleasure, could I have known earlier, to have recalled for poetry those days, many anxious, many pleasant, all thoughtful days, which I spent in the service of the Second Church."

The poem which he did send for the book (written in his early twenties) we would call not even fair doggerel if the name of Jenkins or Jumpkins had been placed at the top of it. One verse is enough:

"Farewell, my mother fond,
Too kind, too good to me,
Nor pearl nor diamond
Would pay my debt to thee.
But even thy kiss denies
Upon my cheek to stay,
The winged vessel flies,
And billows round her play
Far away, far away."

From this to the "Sphinx" or "The Problem" it is "far away."

One of the most beautiful memorials in the Second Church is the Lincoln mural tablet, classic in design, the pedestal upheld by two Corinthian pillars, and the bronze plate bearing the inscription, "In Memoriam. Frederic Walker Lincoln." No need to tell to an old Bostonian who Frederic Lincoln was. Every one knows. His true monument is the City Hall, the fashionable Back Bay residence section—the newer Boston. The "war Mayor," "the friend of Governor Andrew," the "great-grandson of Paul Revere," "the trusted financier," the man who more than any other man was instrumental in founding the Young Men's Christian Union, looms up as one of the most celebrated and influential characters, worthy to be classed alongside of Wendell Phillips, Channing, and William Lloyd Garrison for his civic influence.

At the notable celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, in 1899, under the heading of "The Influence of the Second Church in Government," the speakers dwelt naturally on the controlling power of the Mathers in colonial times, on the strong influence of Lathrop in Revolutionary times, and on the ability and energy exhibited by Mayor Lincoln during the stormy Civil War period.

Undoubtedly the speakers did not exaggerate. For more than a century the Second Church exercised a powerful, almost a controlling, influence in the educational and political affairs of Boston. During its long history it has always been noted for having in its membership men like Frederic Lincoln, who have been recognized as of commanding influence in public and social affairs. It follows that the Second Church has not stood forth pre-eminently as a church of creed or dogma. It has never had in its pulpit the expounder of a logical system of theology.

A Jonathan Edwards, a Bushnell, a Dr. Palfrey, even a Channing, could not well have been developed in its atmosphere. The initial impulse of the church, as was said before, was not theological, but practical. The organization crystallized around a contract or covenant, not around a creed or statement of faith. The Second Church is now classed as Unitarian, yet its original covenant has never been altered or erased from the membership book. Just when the change in thought took place no one can determine. It is not easy to tell all men in one breath that they are "free and equal, possessing the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,"

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and in the next to tell them that they are "depraved" and arbitrarily divided into two classes, "the elect" and "the lost." Lathrop undoubtedly felt this discrepancy. During his long pastorate Calvinism becomes less and less prominent, until it slowly, almost unconsciously, disappears. The leading ideas of the original covenant may be summed up as follows:

We desire God to dwell among us.
We pray that by the character of our lives He may own us as His people.
We resolve that God's kingdom and grace shall be advanced by us.

In 1894, at the Unitarian National Conference, the Second Church, through its delegates, together with all the other churches there assembled, unanimously agreed to the following:

These churches unite for more and better work for the kingdom of God.
We accept the religion of Jesus, holding in accordance with His teaching that practical religion is summed up in
Love to God and love to man.
We cordially invite to our working fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims.

The membership in the Second Church can be conditioned on no dogmatic test. All those who in the love of truth and the spirit of Jesus Christ are willing to unite in the worship of God and the service of man are gladly given the right hand of fellowship.

The fluctuations, the impermanency, of customs and of organizations in America is a favorite theme for critics. Nothing, it is said, is firmly founded; nothing excites reverence or awakens the sense of historic enthusiasm. Is the charge true?

The Second Church is a conspicuous example of its falsity. "The Second Church has seen a colony transformed into a province, a province into a State; it has seen the State undergo the profoundest modifications in its industries, population, social habits, and religious hopes and customs, yet it survives." No New England corporation, court, or government is so old. Over it or within it there has been unfurled every flag or standard in the series which leads up from the simple red cross of old England to the present Stars and Stripes of the United States.

Who can doubt its continuance?

Yes, it will continue, if, as was said by one of the speakers at the Emerson celebration, the present members feel themselves called of God—"called to work for good government, for honest citizenship, for a clean and intelligent democracy; called to lay aside all earthly differences, and unite in a common brotherhood, where the sorrows of each are the sorrows of all, and where the joy of each may be shared by all; . . . called of God to work with their own hands, to speak with their own minds, and to trust the leadings of the divine spirit, remembering ever that those who are led by the spirit of God are the true sons and daughters of the Eternal."

Ille Supremus

By Mary Clark

There is an island in the Afric sea,
'Twas called Ogygia when the world began,
Melita, Malta, thrice 'twas named by man,
Thrice visited by men of destiny,
Ulysses, Paul, Napoleon, all three
Soldiers and sailors, such as constantly
Have found this isle of rock and iron to be
Akin to their own nature's rugged plan.

The years have tried in their refining fires
These men of rock and iron, and have found
The measure of pure gold true fame requires.
Of Bonaparte to-day there is no sound,
And o'er Calypso's grotto there doth fall
The shadow of the statue of Saint Paul.

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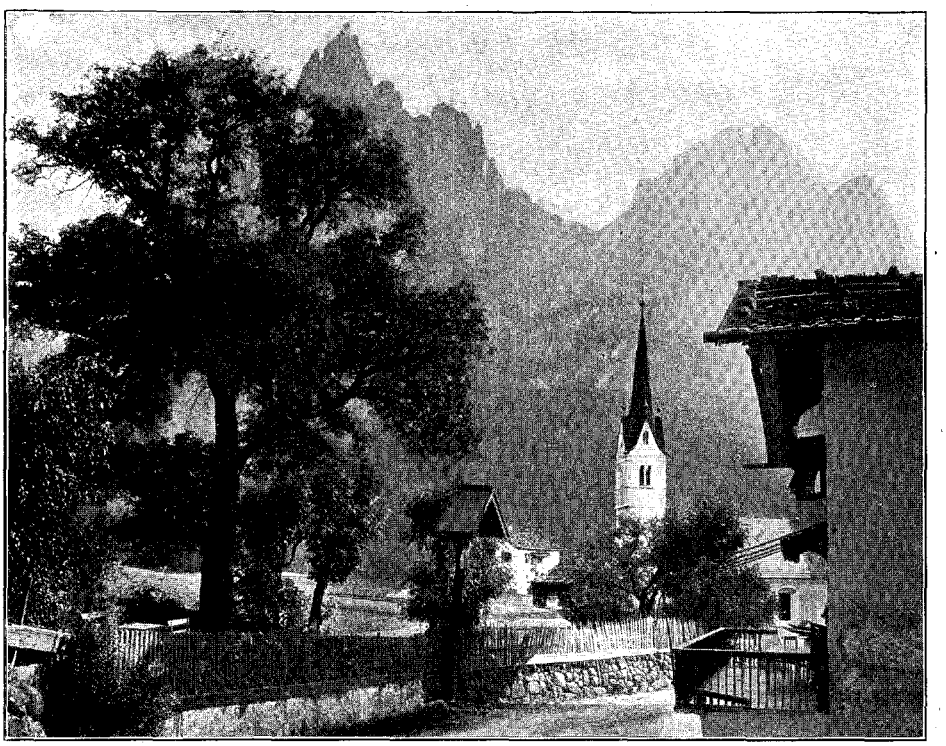

A TYPICAL DOLOMITE VILLAGE

The Country of the Dolomites

By Hamilton W. Mabie

IT is thirty years since Miss Edwards declared that it was by no means unusual to find educated people who had never heard of the Dolomites, or who supposed they were a religious sect like the Mormons! In thirty years the habit of travel has grown to such a degree that few places are left unvisited, and writers with the gifts of observation and of style like Gautier, Lamartine, and Charles Dudley Warner no longer find untrodden fields or unspoiled landscapes to describe. The possibilities of individual expression are, of course, inexhaustible, and Mr. Howells's "Venetian Days," D'Amicis's "Constantinople," and Pierre Loti's "Iceland Fisherman" will have successors in every generation; but the charm of pure novelty is gone; there are no longer any undiscovered countries. The world remains, nevertheless, to be rediscovered in the thought and imagination of every generation. The Dolomites are no longer confused with the Mormons, but they are still off the great highways of travel, and there are many who are hoping that the tides which almost submerge Switzerland in midsummer will wait long before they flow through the valleys of the Austrian Tyrol and efface the characteristic aspects of life there. Southeast of the noble Engadine Valley, north of the Plains of Lombardy, south of the Inn-thal, the Dolomite country cannot yet be reached by railroad, and much of its charm lies in the comparative quiet which pervades it.

The approach to it is noble from whatever direction one comes; but the most striking contrasts and the most impressive climax are secured if one takes Venice as his starting-point. That enchanting city lies so far to the south

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that the winds of the Mediterranean breathe into its air a softness which makes all effort seem an interference with the natural and instinctive joy in sky and sea. And yet the mountains are not far from the slow-moving canals! The "ethereal strength of Alps dream-like" still vanishes "in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore," and "blue islands of Paduan hills" are still "poised in the golden west" as in the days when Ruskin wrote with flowing pen his poetic description of the boyhood of Giorgione; but the city which sits in the sea could not be more remote from the atmosphere and feeling of the great hills if she were separated from them by half the girth of the globe.

The Dolomites are not without their witnesses in Venice, nor in any other city where the pictures of the early and later Italian masters are found. Titian loved the hills which encircle Pieve di Cadore, and they appear in the background of his pictures like memories of his youth. On many an earlier master their spell rested; and in the charming landscapes which the older painters put behind their holy families those sharply defined ridges and summits are continually rising into view. One sees the Dolomites in Italy long before they have come within his direct vision.

In Venice one postpones his departure day after day, with a feeling that he may dispell his dream by any sudden movement; and, if one were to awaken, would he ever dream the dream of Venice again? The hour of departure comes at last, however, and one is carried to the station amid those cries of the gondolier which are the joy of the gondola, so sensible do they make one of his own lack of responsibility, his own delicious ease. And then the city fades from view and becomes a mirage of roofs and campaniles against the receding horizon, and one turns northward and begins to face the hills. No more lagoons and domes and swift turning of corners on the silent waterways into places so saturated with the picturesque which modern life has banished that one wonders if the ugliness that he remembers is a reminiscence of some earlier and less happy existence!

Treviso is soon reached and left behind, and then there comes a sudden change. The breath of the hills touches the sultry air, and, in the distance, strange, fantastic, sharply defined masses of mountain disclose themselves. For a little way the country recalls the great Lombardy plain; then come low, wide-stretching meadows, vines hang on long trellises, fields of flax and maize spread out on either side, and there are glimpses of little white towns and slender white campaniles; but the Piave, rushing down from the hills, seems to bring another climate with it, and the landscape swiftly changes, becomes bold, rugged, crowded with rocky slopes.

At Belluno one dines in the charming garden of an excellent hotel in a little Italian town, at the confluence of the Piave and the Ardo; dominated by a massive campanile and rejoicing in the possession of more than one piece of impressive architecture. Lying at the base of the hills, Belluno marks the approach to Italy with all the characteristic features of a country in which the smallest hamlets seemed nobly set on some friendly, vine-clad height or nobly framed by a mountain background.

The cracking of whips is a sound with which all Italian towns are familiar; it is a survival of the days when the diligence and private carriage were the only vehicles and railroads were in the future. In Italy, by the way, railroads are slow enough to recall the old days of the postilion; but even in their old-fashioned deliberateness one uses them under protest. There is sense of sacrilege in approaching Mantua, Verona, Padua, Siena, Venice, by rail, which makes one feel as if he were taking unfair advantage of a great past that is unable to protect itself. The cracking of whips in the main thoroughfares is a real survival, and one to be greatly regarded. There are moments, it is true, when the traveler trembles for his kind; for, however the man on the box may have loitered along the stretches of the white road running like an arrow across the landscape, he becomes immensely alert the moment he approaches a town, and drives through as if evil

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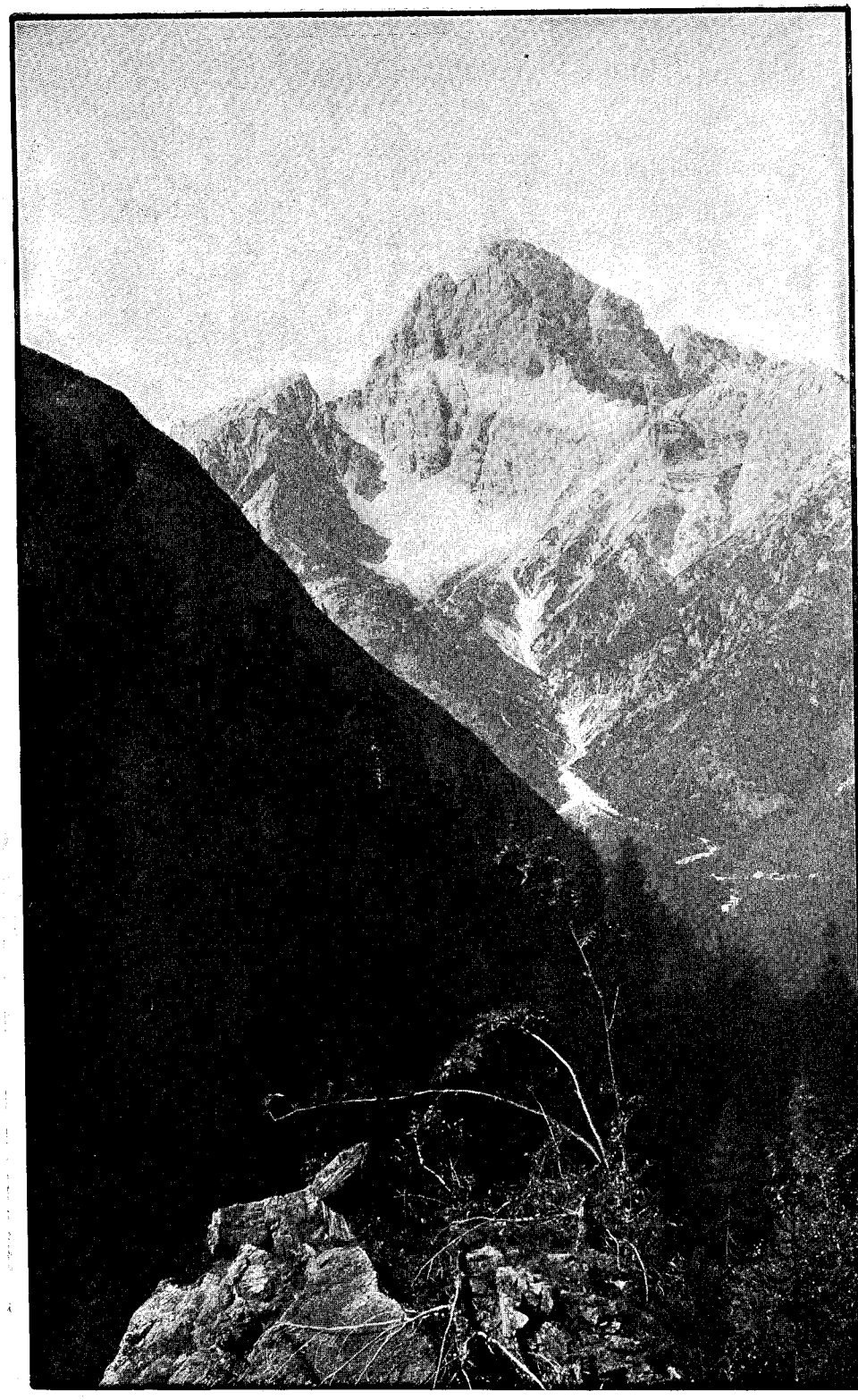

ROTHE WAND: THE VIEW FROM THE GORGE

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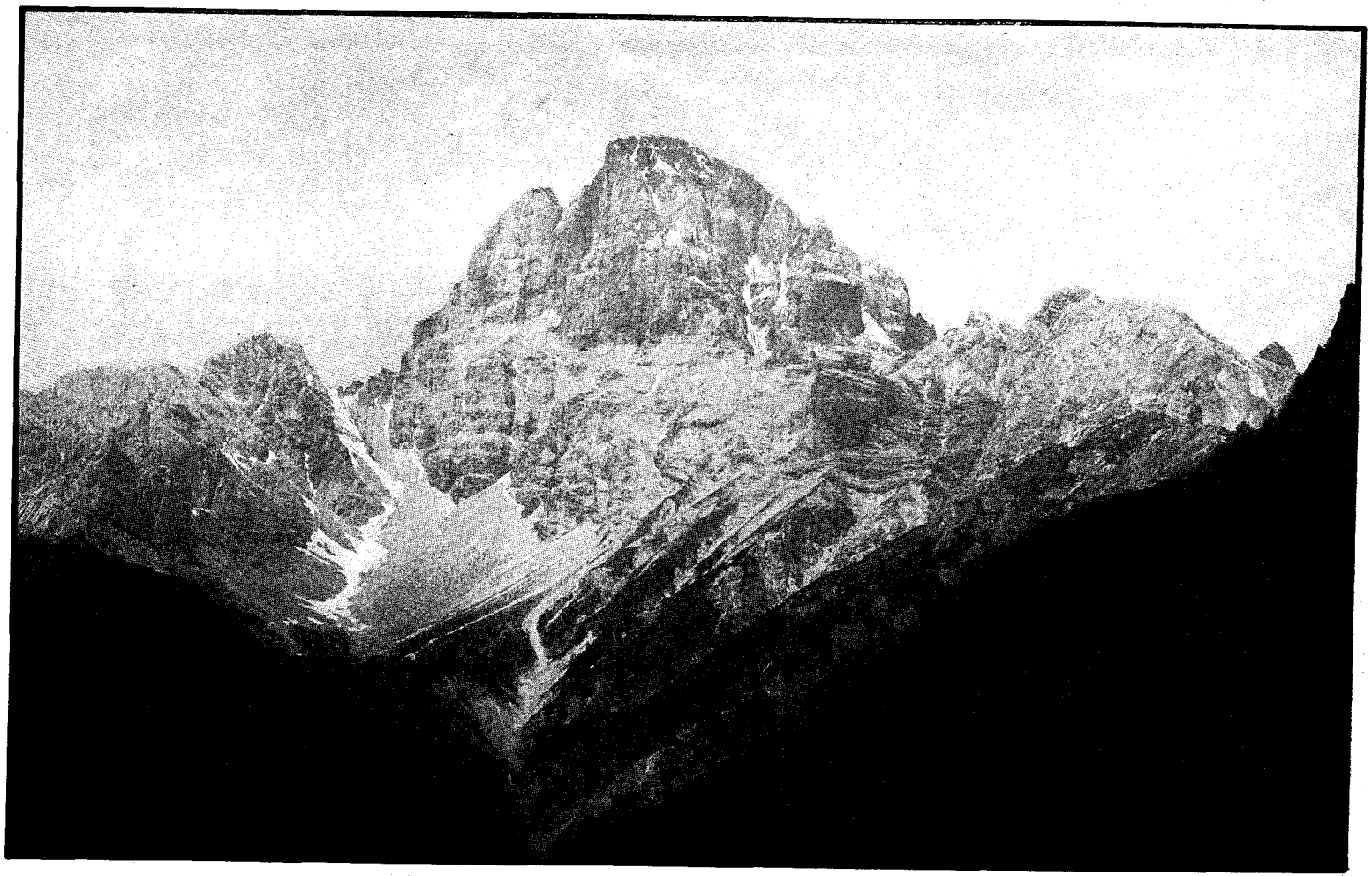

ROTHE WAND, AMPEZZO

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spirits were hot on his trail. The cracking and snapping of whips is prodigious, and mothers drag their children out of the narrow street and loiterers seek refuge in doorways as the carriage swings past in mad haste.

It was to the accompaniment of such a fusillade that we breakfasted in the garden the first morning of our drive through the Dolomites. An automobile of great size, extreme ugliness, and evil odor was shaking itself together when we came out into the open air, and when it sped down the road no regrets followed it. We came upon it later in the customary process of being repaired, and wasted no sympathy on it; along the level highways of France one tolerates the automobile, but on the mountain roads it is a menace. The higher passes are wisely closed to it.

When the rattle of the great machine had died in the distance and its odor been absorbed by the sweet morning air, it was our turn to take formal leave of our hosts and make those elaborate salutations which civilize travel in Europe and the absence of which keeps it in the barbaric stage in our own country. Then, with a fusillade which awoke echoes in the old town, we drove through the winding streets at breakneck speed and presently emerged in the open and saw the quaint old town, with its campanile, lying on the height behind us as if keeping watch and ward over the end of the pass. The freshness and stillness of the early morning were in the air, and the bold, precipitous rocks which seemed to block the way stood out as if an etcher had traced their edges against the sky. The memory of Venice was fresh, and Italy was a soft haze in the south; while, closing in from all points in the north, huge piles of soft gray rock marked the boundaries between the most beautiful of lands and that great mountain region which the Alps preserve in its inviolate sublimity in spite of the invasion of the barbarians from all parts of the world.

Lying at the eastern end of the great Alpine ranges, the Dolomites are in striking contrast with them. So great is this contrast that the mystery of Dolomite origin and structure is still unsolved. So precipitous are they that some of the most difficult peaks have not yet been ascended at a time when mountain-climbing has become an absorbing passion, and the more perilous the ascent the more widespread the desire to accomplish it. Wild masses of crag, great groups of buttresses and battlements piled in primordial confusion against the horizon, they rival in sublimity the famous peaks which dominate the Swiss valleys, but with an individuality of outline, of color, of form, which separates them by vast differences of structure from the Alps. They stand in lonely isolation, as if they had no relation to one another or to the mountain formations to the west. This detachment, the precipitous rise from base to summit, the presence of marine deposits similar to those found in coral reefs in the Pacific and in the Indian Oceans, the absence of any evidence of volcanic action, the reproduction on some of the greater crests of the form of the coral reef atolls, and the abundant evidence that these piles of rock must have been superimposed through long geologic periods on foundations of a different character, give ground for the theory summed up by an eminent geologist in the statement: "The Schlern is a coral reef; and the entire foundation of Schlern Dolomite has in like manner originated through animal activity." The French savant Dolomieu, who explored the southern Tyrol at the close of the eighteenth century, was the first to call the attention of geologists to the peculiar character of these massive hills, and his name will always be associated with them.

To describe the bare structure, to emphasize the isolation, of these tremendous piles of rock, to dwell upon their ruggedness and the peculiar sharpness of their outlines, is not, unfortunately, to convey any impression of the marvelous beauty of their coloring, of the impressiveness of their unusual forms—often fantastic but never losing their sublimity—nor of the novel and enchanting atmospheric effects which brilliancy of tone, precipitousness of slope, and great heights under an Italian sky give the whole region. A strange and awful

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"THE THREE TINKERS"

loveliness lies on the landscape. The Italians are in the habit of speaking of one of the northernmost peaks as the natural boundary of Italy; certain it is that the heavens that make a canopy over the Dolomites are the same that give such enchanting softness to the earlier Italian pictures, and against which so many of the old masters set the sharp, serrated ridges and bold sweeps of clear-cut line that one sees on all sides in the southern Tyrol. The color recalls Colorado in its brilliancy, its audacity, so to speak; but it is a semi-tropical sun which sheds such splendor and enchantment over these great hills, and envelops with such an air of solitary and antique mystery. They differ still more strikingly from the Rocky Mountains in the softness and richness of the verdure out of which they rise. In some of the valleys the turf has the velvet quality of the English sward; the feet sink into it as if the soil had been cushioned by centuries of moisture. The sound of running water is almost always audible in the valleys of the Tyrol, and the roots of the grasses are doubtless nourished by hidden rivulets. On the lower slopes of the hills and here and there in the valleys are little forests of larches, the delicate foliage giving a charming tone to the landscape and heightening by contrast the sheer audacity of the rocks which rise like cliffs out of the tender verdure to catch and hold the drifts of snow which lie, white and remote, under the burning Italian sun.

It is about seventy miles from Belluno on the edge of Italy to Toblach beyond the edge of Austria, and through the sublime mountain passes there runs one of those roads which fill the American with envy and despair; so solid are

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MONTE CRISTALLO

they in construction, so perfectly kept, so finished in every detail. Of course the element of time must be taken into account. If you wish to cross the Simplon, you may drive on the road which Napoleon made, or you may walk to the top of the Pass on the road which was built under Cæsar's direction. Good roads cannot be made in a day and they are among the many things which young peoples must be content to wait for.

The old German road, as it is called, is as fine a piece of road-building as one finds in Europe, but it is a by-path so far as the main currents of travel are concerned. The tide from Italy to Germany or from Germany to Italy pours through the Brenner Pass to the west, where crowded trains from Verona to Innsbruck and Munich convey the hordes of northern barbarians who once swept down the pass, sword and shield in hand, to despoil the fair, rich south. To-day these invaders from the north are chiefly German "trippers," to whom excursion tickets have opened up the treasures of the south.

For a long distance the road runs beside the brawling Piave, now much shrunken by the midsummer heats, but still swift and tumultuous, threading its winding way through wide stretches of sand. The mountains rise precipitous on every side, and are so massed in solid front that one is always wondering where the road is to find escape. There are little villages at points where the valley widens, and there is always the albergo with its tables set in a little garden or at the side of the road, where very bad wine is sold at very low prices. At one of these rustic inns a very simple luncheon divides the first day's journey.

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The hospitality is better than the exterior gives promise of furnishing; for the rude entrance-hall of the small Italian or German inn is often very uninviting. One door opens into the dining-room, where three or four pedestrians are smoking their after-dinner cigarettes; the other gives a view of the kitchen, the busiest and most interesting room in the establishment. Here, at a rude table, peasants are eating their coarse bread and cheese and drinking their cheap beer or wine; beyond is the big open fire, built on a platform, with an iron hood over it, where chickens are being roasted on a spit and whence very savory odors are wafted. In this room the life of the countryside regales and expresses itself; a stream of people go in and out all day, discussing in loud tones the small events of the small community with the ardent zeal of the southern temperament.

Beyond this village the road climbs the mountain side by long parallels, and the active traveler leaves the slow-moving carriage and takes joyfully to a foot-path which goes abruptly up the hill, past little stone houses and stables, through a charming bit of wood, across one of those hillside meadows which seem so incapable of cultivation but which are so thoroughly harvested. When the road is reached again, it curves round the edge of the mountains, in the very heart of a landscape of indescribable beauty. Behind one sees the defiles through which he has come, while before him rise a new and bolder group of rocks towering to a tremendous height, with touches of subdued red blending with soft grays in the vast stretches of ascending sweep of stone shaped as if by some plastic genius into architectural forms of sublime range and impressiveness.

At short intervals wayside crucifixes bear testimony to the ancient religious habit of the simple folk who inhabit these valleys and are not indifferent to their majesty. Little churches with campanile-like towers, crowned by the curious bulb-like roofs which are characteristic of the Tyrol, rise in the heart of every village.

The road passes into a bolder country with larger horizons, crowded with solitary peaks, and Pieve di Cadore comes into view—one of the most beautiful towns in the Tyrol, with the classic touch of Italy in its architecture and its framing of mountains. There is a great ravine in the foreground, crossed by an ancient bridge boldly and picturesquely planned, with a little chapel hung as if in midair on an overhanging ledge. Behind the town, with its white walls and slender towers, rises the great mass of Monte Pera, and on every side vistas of incomparable beauty lay the landscape open to the sky.

Here, at last, is the background of Titian's pictures, and here are some of the mysteries of his coloring; for here the great artist first saw the light of a world which he was to interpret with incomparable splendor of color. Seen from a distance Cadore is a picture such as never yet came within "the empire of any earthly pencil;" a landscape in that grand style which for so many decades Italy commanded in her art. In the town there are all the characteristic features of Italian community life: the piazza flooded with sunlight and surrounded by shadowy arcades through which one may walk at high noon beyond the glare of the burning heat; the old houses cooled and darkened by Venetian windows, cafés filled with loungers in a country of marvelous industry where no one seems to work, the familiar fountain bringing the cool music of the hills into the very heart of the sultry town. There, if one lingers, he may see several examples of Titian's early work, and there he may visit the plain little house which bears a tablet affirming that within its walls "Titian Vecellio entered upon a celebrated life, whence he departed, at the end of nearly a hundred years, in Venice, on the 27th day of August, 1576." There comes to mind instantly one of those dramatic contrasts of which life is so full: the boy born in obscurity in the remote little mountain village, and the great artist making Venice rich beyond the genius of her merchant princes with those priceless pictures on the walls of her palaces and churches. More clearly than any other there comes before the

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mind that noble *pietà* in the Academy, painted when the artist was in his ninety-ninth year! Such an achievement is very like a realization of immortality while the spirit still wears its earthly garment.

From Pieve to Cortina the scenery becomes still more impressive, and reaches its most majestic moment when Antelao towers, snow-capped, on one side the valley and the cathedral-like form of Pelmo, its great cone shining in the high light like the very throne of winter, on the other—a colossal mass intrenched behind apparently unapproachable precipices. Farther to the north stretches a long line of battlemented summits about which the clouds of sunset are gathering.

Of Cortina it is well not to speak too definitely; it is not only one of the most beautiful places in the world, but it is still outside that beaten circle from which, in midsummer, the wise traveler keeps at a distance. Some places ought to be kept in this rushing modern world for those who love the quiet which breeds thought and the solitude in which Nature reveals herself. Beyond Cortina the road reaches some of its noblest passages, and deepens rather than dissipates the impression of the first day's drive. Monte Cristallo and Monte Cristallino, huge masses of rock buttressed by vast crags, rise against the sky in almost overpowering majesty. In the long, confused procession of peaks the Three Tinkers, precipitous, detached, and inaccessible, stand like representative Dolomites. In color, structure, isolated grandeur, they are so characteristic that illustrators have instinctively reproduced them as types of the whole group. When one emerges at last into the little village of Toblach, a procession of sublime forms seems to be moving before him, and he feels as if he had come through the land of the Titans.

It is well to end this wonderful journey at Innsbruck, which is distinctively Austrian as Belluno is distinctively Italian. A quainter, cleaner, more impressively placed city is hardly to be found in Europe. The Inn flows through it with the rush of the Alpine torrents in its sweep, and the mountains rise behind it so abruptly that they seem to overhang it. Looking up to the snow-covered heights from the center of the picturesque Maria Theresien Strasse, it seems as if the mountain must fall into the heart of the town. And to the south, guarding the pass through which so many armies have come and gone since the days when Roman eagles were borne northward through its solitudes, stand the outposts of the Dolomites.

The True Cross

By Priscilla Leonard

Deep in its innermost shrine, its inviolate Holy of Holies,
The vaulted cathedral incloses its greatest, most marvelous treasure,—
Only a fragment of wood, but set all in pure gold, and surrounded
By jewels, while offerings beneath it are heaped in the richest of measure.
Worshipers bend here in prayer, and pilgrims from far-away places
Gather, repentant, adoring, as though upon Calvary kneeling,
For they believe that this relic is part of the Cross of the Saviour,
Holiest of relics on earth, with all power for help and for healing.

Yet, if each pilgrim but knew it, no pilgrim has need of the journey,
Since in the lot of each worshiper part of the cross is set ever,
Daily and hourly to bear, and to glorify God in the bearing,
Shrined in the pure gold of patience, the jewels of hope and endeavor.
Vainly men seek a dim splinter of wood in a far-off cathedral;
Near is the True Cross, and never apart from the present, the lowly;
Calvary still rises close to the highway and near to the city,
And each follower of Christ has his part of the cross—humble, homely, yet holy.

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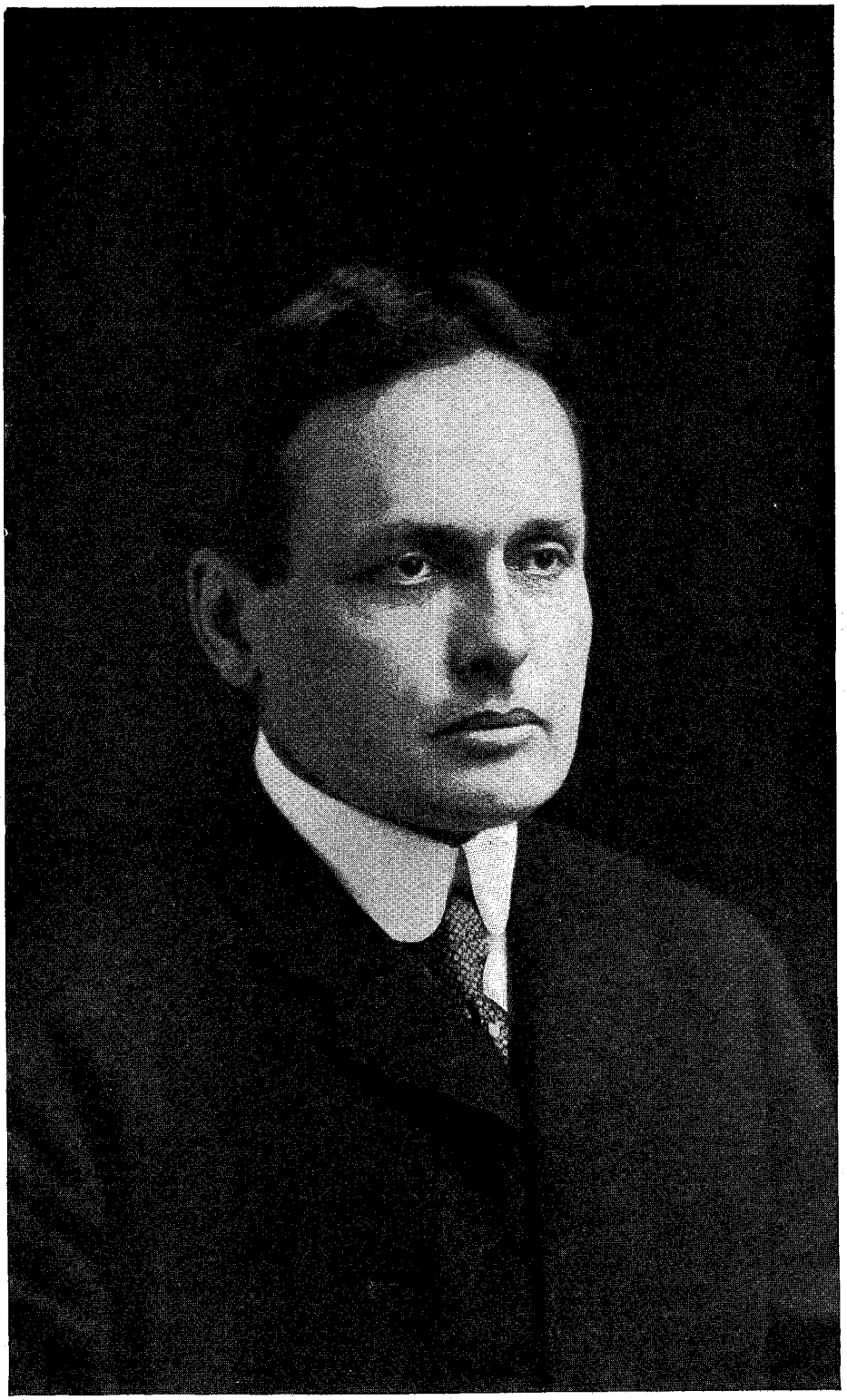

PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR M'INTOSH STUDIO

HARRY A. GARFIELD

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A New Princeton Professor

THE selection of Mr. Harry A. Garfield, of Cleveland, Ohio, to fill the chair of Politics at Princeton University is an evidence of the close relationship which is coming to exist between the University and the outside world. This chair is unique in academic circles. It is an attempt to bring a knowledge of practical politics into University halls. And Mr. Garfield, by education and experience, is eminently fitted for the position to which he has been called.

For fifteen years he has been actively engaged in the practice of law in the city of Cleveland. In his chosen profession he has achieved distinction in court and in connection with those large commercial movements which in recent years have so completely altered our industrial life. Intimately acquainted with the world of finance through the organization of and connection as an official with several trust companies and banks; familiar with transportation problems through the construction of a railway system from the Great Lakes to the Ohio River, and in touch with industrial and commercial matters through a diversified practice, he brings to the chair of Politics a knowledge of outside interests unusual in the teaching world. By tradition and long habit the life of our universities has been detached. Its thought has been sequestered, and the life of the traditional professor has been almost as cloistered as that of the student.

Mr. Garfield is forty years of age, and is the eldest son of James A. His collegiate preparation for professional life was extended and ample. He graduated from Williams College in 1885. In the fall of 1886 he entered Columbia Law School, and continued his law studies in England at the University of Oxford. While there he enjoyed the acquaintance of such men as James Bryce, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Edward A. Freeman, the historian. He completed his law studies in the libraries at Gray's Inn, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the Inner Temple.

In 1888 he began the practice of law in Cleveland. He became a member of the faculty of the Western Reserve Law School, where he lectured for three years. Thereafter he was called to a chair in the Law Department of the University of Michigan, which he declined.

During fifteen years of active practice Mr. Garfield has been engaged in many lines of public and philanthropic work of a voluntary sort. He was active in the organization of the Municipal Association, a body of professional and business men gathered together for the betterment of local politics. For years he served as its President, and waged persistent warfare against the inefficiency of municipal administration in the city. The Association made investigations, issued bulletins, and became a force in local political affairs. He served as President of the Chamber of Commerce, and is a Trustee of the Western Reserve University and of the Western Reserve Historical Society. He is one of the Vice-Presidents of the National Civil Service Reform League and a member of the Executive Committee of the National Municipal League. For years he has been actively engaged in the promotion of the Consular reorganization, and has been President of the National Committee on that subject.

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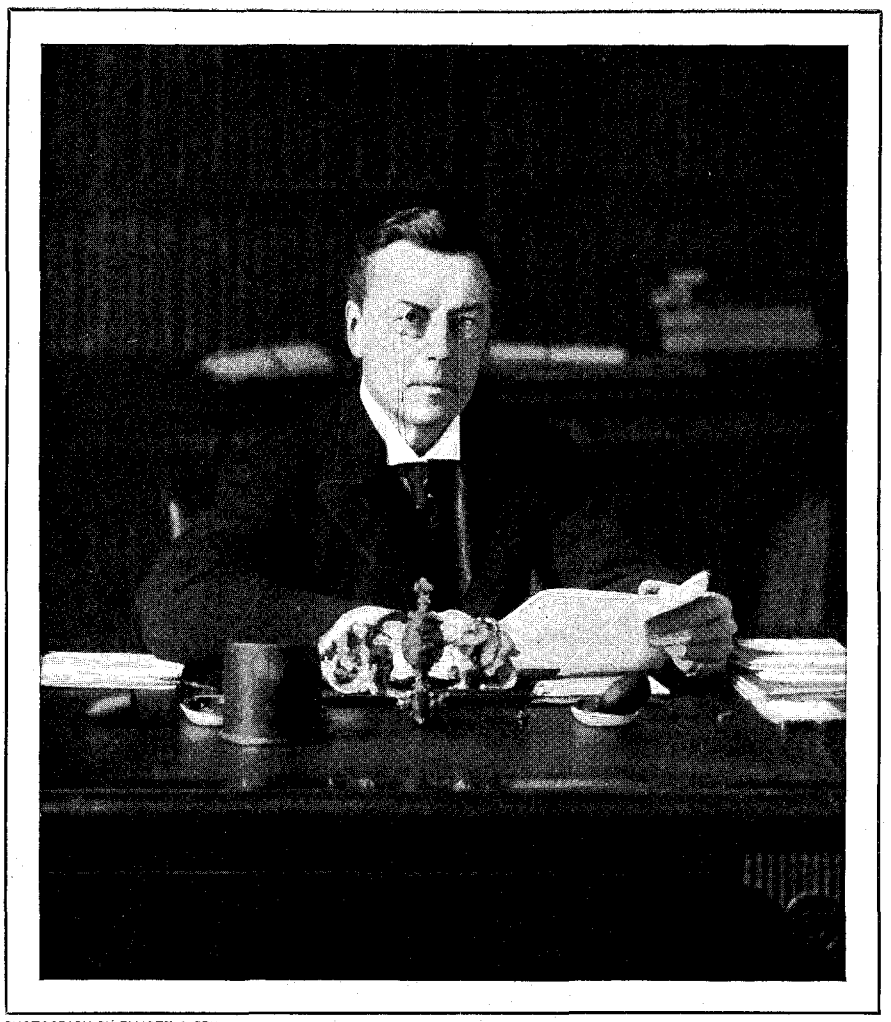

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

The English Protectionist Leader

JUST now Mr. Joseph Chamberlain happens to be the most interesting man of the day in England. It may be added that during the past quarter-century he has often been the most interesting man of the day there. He is fairly tall; he is both stalwart and alert in appearance and manner. No one would credit him with being sixty-seven years old; he looks nearer forty-seven. Nor does his phenomenal youth show signs of disappearing. Those who heard him speak at Glasgow three weeks ago reported that he was still the personification of virile force. His trim, almost dapper figure is always carefully attired. The orchid is as constantly in his buttonhole as is the monocle in his eye. But he does not look the gentleman, somehow, so much as does the carelessly dressed Prime Minister by his side.

Few faces are more interesting than Mr. Chamberlain's. No caricatures can change its fine, strong lines. Opponents have sometimes called the ex-Colonial Secretary a demagogue, but his face does not seem at all the face of a dema-

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gogue. His calm, clear eye gazes steadily through you, the passer-by on the street, as it does through every Opposition obstacle in Parliament. to the particular goal in view. Just now that goal is the imposition of a protective system in England, both to restore home industries and, by preferential colonial tariffs, to preserve imperial unity. While Mr. Chamberlain's expression lacks mobility, vivacity, and winsomeness, while his air is not scholarly or even intellectual, his face does express solid, substantial, and distinguished worth; it is the face of a man of affairs who has no notion of being anything but the master of those affairs.

When, in Parliament, he rises to speak, a perceptible hush comes over the House of Commons. Members are no longer inattentive; some move their seats so that they can hear better; a few in the Opposition shift themselves uneasily. Men like Balfour and Bryce may have spoken, statesmen whose words carry deserved weight everywhere, but still it must be admitted that Mr. Chamberlain's is the most impressive figure in the House. Friend and foe instinctively feel, when he rises to speak, that something is going to happen. And something generally does happen. That is the test of statesmanship—accomplishment.

Mr. Chamberlain's voice is still fresh, almost youthful. Forty-five years ago it must have sounded as now, when, at the Edgbaston Debating Society, he vigorously supported a resolution condemning John Bright's pessimistic views regarding the colonies. Then, as now, Mr. Chamberlain was a notable imperialist. Then, as now, his words were not mere words, but instinct with life, prophecy, fate. Therefore all his speeches are solemn speeches. Though there is an absence of rhetoric in them, and in their delivery an absence of perfervid and sawing-the-air oratory, they are not monotonous, commonplace. They are clear, compact, and straight to the point, as befits words which you cannot help feeling are immediately prefatory to certain deeds, if not, indeed, synchronous with deeds. Mr. Chamberlain proved this during the years when he admirably modernized the municipality of Birmingham. That transformation made the best kind of a platform on which to stand for Parliamentary honors. Hence those honors were not long in coming.

Mr. Chamberlain's language is often caustic, rarely conciliatory. He is a fighter. As he spares no foe, he expects to get as good knocks as he gives. Yet at moments of denunciation, instead of being on fire with anger or scorn, he seems the rather to condense frigidity, and in his iciest utterances gives you the impression of being willing to sacrifice anything to the purpose in hand. When he sits down, it is easy to see that the most stolid audience has been impressed, but one looks vainly among the auditors for the contagion of satisfaction and pleasure which Mr. Gladstone once evoked, and which Mr. Birrell sometimes now awakens. However, Mr. Chamberlain's supporters undoubtedly enjoy a sober, solid satisfaction which persists longer than any mere evanescent enthusiasm awakened by more brilliant speakers.

The Premier has called Mr. Chamberlain the greatest of Colonial Secretaries. Whether this is so or not, it is certain that Mr. Chamberlain's retirement from office in order more freely to work towards the downfall of English free trade has precipitated the most dramatic political crisis since his own secession from the Gladstone Home Rule Cabinet of 1886.

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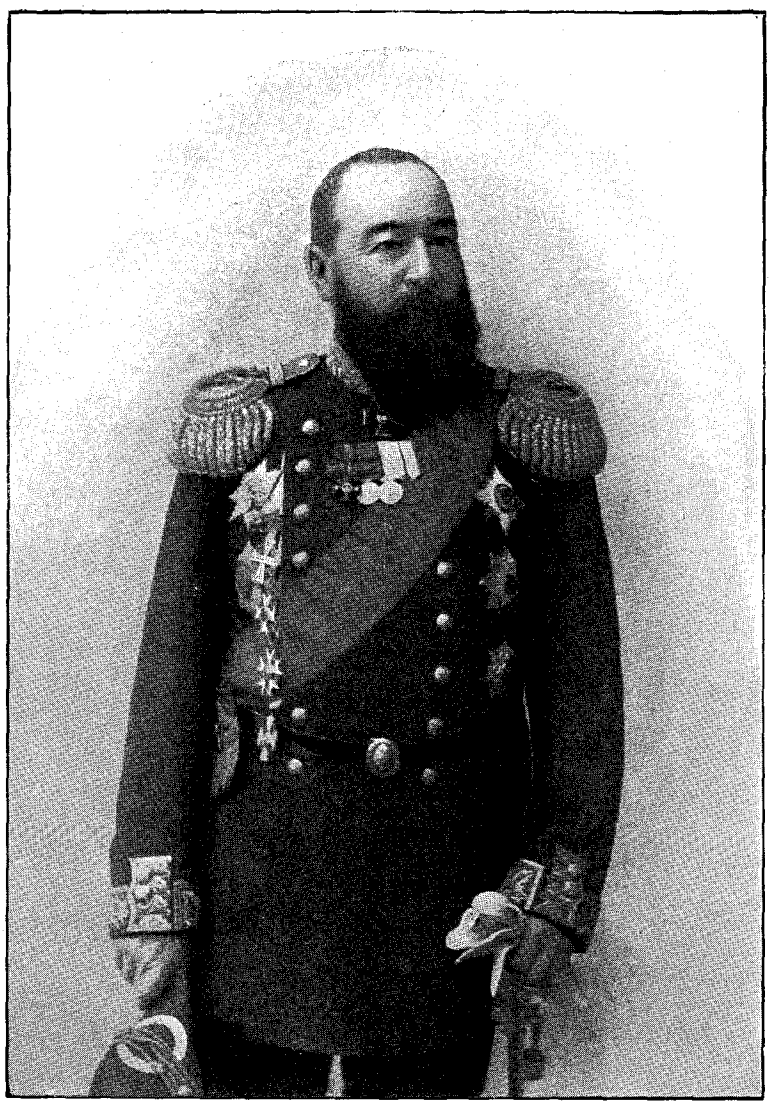

ADMIRAL ALEXIEV

Japan and Russia

TWO months ago the Russian Government established an Asian viceroyalty comprising the Russian Pacific possessions and Manchuria. The Viceroy appointed by the Czar was vested with authority in civil and military administration, the direction of which will no longer be in the hands of the ministries at St. Petersburg. It will be the Viceroy's duty to maintain order and to insure security in the district traversed by the Eastern Chinese Railway, as well as to watch over the needs of Russian inhabitants both within and without Russian possessions bordering on the territory under his jurisdiction. Such remarkable power could be conferred only upon a remarkable man, and the new Viceroy is such. Admiral Alexiev is the Czar's personal friend, and is believed to be, more than any other, representative of Russia's for-

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MARSHAL YAMAGATA

ward policy in the far East. Already the Viceroy has shown that he is the man of the hour. He has impressed the Chinese in Manchuria, as they like to be impressed by their own Viceroys in China proper, by an Oriental, almost barbaric, manifestation of magnificence and power, but the military and naval reviews already held during his term of office have been specially directed towards edifying the Japanese. If possible, they must be so impressed with Russia's strength as to keep them from going to arms on account of Russian aggressions in Korea.

On the Japanese side there is a figure in military circles which may be regarded as a counterpart of the foregoing. Marquis Yamagata was the great leader in the Chino-Japanese war of 1895. His land and naval forces captured Port Arthur. Marshal Yamagata is now veteran in years and service, but the feeling in Japan is universal that, should a new war break out, his would still be the most inspiring leadership.

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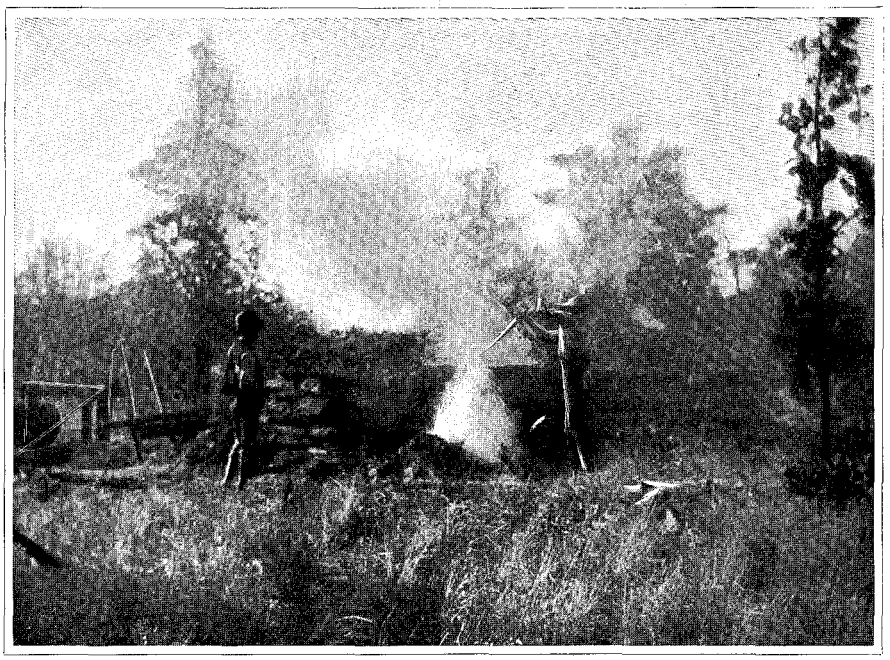

The Country of the Tar-Maker

By Clifton Johnson

With Illustrations by the Author

A SOUTH CAROLINIAN who was one day enlightening me on the habits of the countryside mentioned that the people of his State were often nicknamed "sandlappers." "They call us that," he explained, "because sand is so powerful plenty; and up in North Carolina they call the folks 'tar-heels' because they use' to make so much tar thar. Yo' couldn't step aroun' much without gettin' into some of the blame stuff. I know how it was. I used to live thar, an' I ricolect when I was a hobedehoy boy my ole man, jus' after dark one night, got his foot into a bucket o' tar that happen to be set near the house door. The weather was col' an' the tar was stiff, an' it took two men to pull that thar tar off'n the ole man's foot."

"Where should I go to see tar-making now?" I asked.

"Wal, I cain't rightly tell. Thar ain't nigh as many pine-trees as thar used to be, an' coal tar has took the place of the ole-fashion pitch-pine tar. But if you'd find 'em makin' tar anywhar it would be up aroun' Fayetteville."

So I journeyed to Fayetteville, for I very much wished to see something of this primitive woodland industry, the fascination of which I had felt ever since I read about the process in my school geography. Fayetteville was formerly a place of considerable importance. It is on the banks of the Cape Fear River, at the head of steamboat navigation, and before the war it was the market town for all the northwestern section of the State. Several plank roads radiated from it, and an immense wagon trade came to the town on these roads from scores of miles about. The zenith of its prosperity was reached in war time. The arms that supplied the Confederacy were manufactured there; and nine cot-

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COVERING THE FIRE WITH EARTH

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ton-mills were operating in or near the town when Sherman's army swept through the region in 1865. The Union forces left the mills and government works smoking ruins, and from this blow the place has never recovered.

I would have liked to step off the train into some of the traditional tar drippings, but I could discern no hints of tar on the depot platform, nor indeed anywhere in the town. However, I was told that while Fayetteville itself no longer handled tar, I would not have to go many miles out into the woods to find the tar-burning still going on, and I was recommended to a place called Spout Springs, which I could easily reach by railroad. When I went thither, I found that the vernal suggestions of the name were deceptive. It was one of the forlornest spots I have seen in the South. As for its springs, it has few enough of any kind and none that spout, though there is a legend that certain of them once had that habit. The village consisted of a half-dozen houses of the poorest sort and a single rude, dingy store. To me the impression was wholly dubious, and I was surprised to find tacked up on the store porch among other notices a lead-pencil announcement from the registrar of voters appointing a day for an official visit to the community, in which he declared it was "the greatest pleasure of his life to come to Spout Springs." What phenomenal politeness!

Near the station was a great concourse of tar-barrels, some full and some empty, and I concluded there was nothing more to do except to go a short way back in the woods to see the whole process of converting pine-trees into tar. I went into the store to get directions. The "sto'keeper," a puckered little man with a piping voice, said that just where I would find a tar kiln at that time he was uncertain, and he referred to some of the loiterers in the store. They talked the matter over, and decided that the nearest kiln was one being burned by a negro named Brinkley, seven miles distant.

It was already past midday, and I tried to hire a team; but no team was to be had on short notice at Spout Springs, and I determined to walk. Fortunately, a little darky boy of the Brinkley family chanced to be in the store, and my advisers turned me over to him as a guide. I surely would never have found the way alone.

Beside the railroad adjoining the station were some mountainous piles of sawdust and the rotting fragments of a big sawmill. This mill had laid waste all the country around, and what had been a noble pine forest was now a brushy wilderness growing up to scrub-oak. The tall trees were gone, and the road the boy and I traveled was wholly exposed to the hot sunshine. Charlie, my guide, spoke of this road as "the great big road." It had been a plank road years before, and the sto'-keeper had told me that in his youth "hit run from a hundred mile up the kentry straight to Fayetteville, and you'd see over one hundred and fifty wagons pass in a day." There were no indications that more than two or three teams a day dragged through its sands now. We followed it up and down the low hills for nearly four miles. At long intervals the scrub-oak gave way to a few fields composing a poor little farm. How any one could make a living in that remote forest country was a mystery.

At length we turned off into the woodland desolation, continuing our way by minor roads and paths. Round about were stumps and scanty bushes and thin grasses. Here and there rose a charred tree-trunk, and the ground was strewn with black fragments. The responsibility for these conditions did not rest wholly with the sawmill. The doom of the region was pronounced when the turpentine-gatherers came into the forest. In tapping a pine for turpentine the axmen cut two cup-like hollows—boxes they are called—on opposite sides of the tree near the base. Into these boxes the pitch drips from the wounds, and each wound is kept fresh for several years by constant clippings from the bark above the original cut, until the gash extends nearly a dozen feet up the trunk and most of the resin in the tree has been drained away. Then comes the sawmill, and the trees are felled

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GATHERING GARDEN PEPPERS

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and converted into lumber. It is not very good lumber, in the opinion of the natives. The vitality has been taken from it in getting the turpentine. As the Spout Springs sto'keeper expressed it, "The wood is half dead and it won't last. You want to have the pitch in your boards and then they'll be with you." After the sawmill finishes, the tar-burners cut the little pines that have been left, fires run through the ragged remnants of the forest, and the devastation looks as if it were complete for all time to come. The land is thus almost valueless. Six or eight square miles of it around Spout Springs had recently been bought by an Englishman—"jus' a young strap of a fellow"—who was going to turn it into a game preserve. He paid about a dollar an acre.

The boy and I went on and on; and though the paths we followed became more and more attenuated until they ceased altogether, my guide kept swinging along and never hesitated. Yet he confessed to a fear of snakes, and he pointed out a white flower he called snake-bite which he said he would rub on if one of the creatures bit him, and that would take out the poison. Charlie was a model of docility and cheerfulness, and was very good company. He was, of course, barefooted, and his garments were wonderfully patched both behind and before. He had no coat, but wore a vest of his father's that flapped loosely about him.

Finally we saw smoke rising on ahead, and we passed over one more ridge and there on the slope just below was a burning kiln. No one was near, and only the crackle of the flames disturbed the silence. The kiln was a broad, heavy cairn, seemingly of dirt; for it is requisite that the fire shall be kept well smothered and only allowed to burn outwardly in one thin rim. To begin with, a shallow basin twenty feet across is dug, with a slight slant from the edge to the center—a kind of big frying-pan to receive the pine "light'ood." The wood is cut about ten feet long and split up small enough so that none of the sticks exceed a thickness of three or four inches. It is piled in a circle, care being taken to preserve a gentle dip from the outside inward. When completed, the pile is from eight to twelve feet high. A rough fence is now built around it, leaving a foot space between the fencing and the lightwood, and this space is filled in with earth, and earth is thrown up to cover the top. In obtaining the dirt a great ragged ditch is excavated at the base of the kiln. When the fire is started, the tar flows to the center of the kiln and thence runs out by an underground trough into a square hole dug for the purpose, and from this it is dipped up into barrels. A fair-sized kiln will fill eight barrels.

I had not been long in the vicinity of the Brinkley kiln when a young negro came up the hill through the woods. Two dogs were at his heels, and he carried a gun. He was the tar-burner, and after we had spoken together he took his spade and began to heave dirt up on the kiln to smother the flames that were breaking forth too vigorously. The fire had to be watched day and night during the whole period of burning, which lasted about a week. The negro had a rude shack near by—an open-sided affair made of a few boards. He prepared his own meals, and did his cooking over a little fire on the ground in front of his hut.

When we started to return, the tar-burner picked up his gun and went with us as far as the next hollow. This hollow was grown up to hardwood, and enough trees had been spared to make the spot quite attractive. A brook meandered through the glen, and there were cool shadows and green grass and flowers. I was not disposed to hasten, and as I stood talking with the tar-burner I happened to ask him something about "Brer Rabbit." I repeated several incidents in the life of that celebrated character which I had heard elsewhere. The tales vary in different localities, and my companion was soon relating his own versions of them. The boy meanwhile sat down on a fallen tree-trunk, listening intently, and never failing at the humorous points to explode with spontaneous laughter and a display of white teeth. One of the stories I give below. It is unlike the Uncle Remus story with the same plot in many

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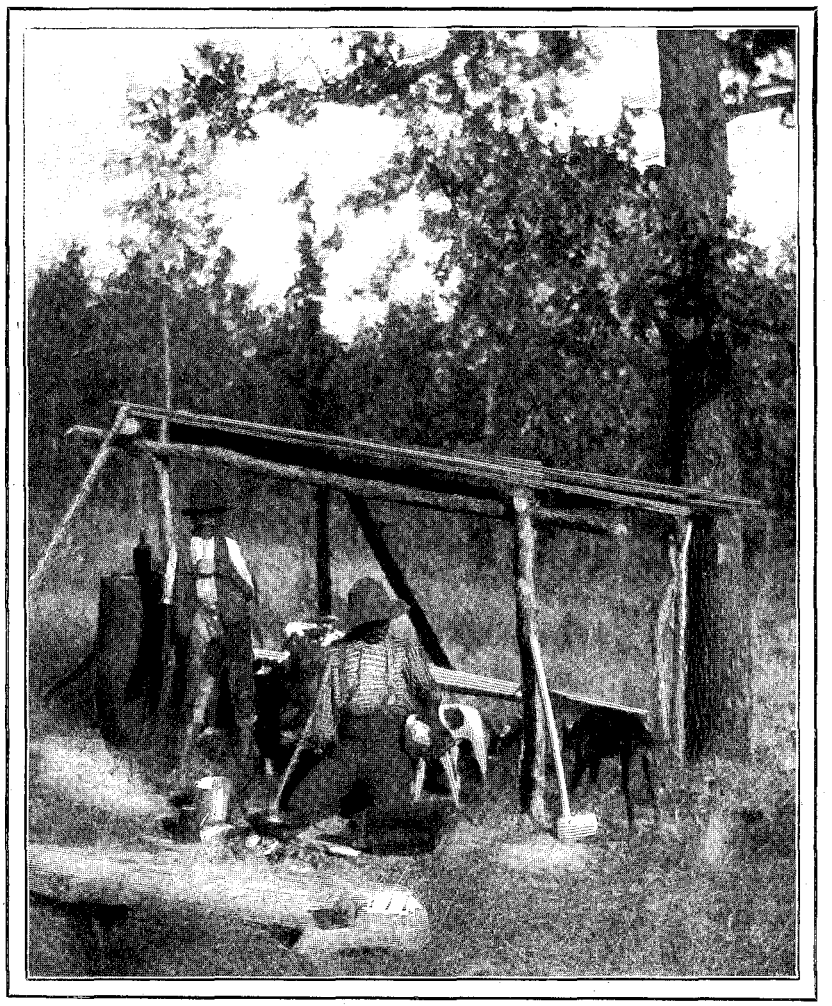
particulars, and it had a flavor peculiar to the narrator's own occupation.

BRER WOLF'S LITTLE TAR MAN

One time Brer Wolf tell Brer Rabbit he gwine dig a well, and he say, "Brer Rabbit, yo' tu'n in an' he'p mi dig dis dar come a time when dar wa'n't no jew. It was a ve'y dry spell an' de rain didn't fall, an' kep' on not falling till mighty nigh all de springs an' branches an' cricks was plumb dried up, an' de creatures couldn't hardly find water enough to keep from perishin'.



IN THE TAR CAMP

yere well, and den we share de water together."

But Brer Rabbit say, "No, I doan' want to dig no well."

"What yo' do fo' water den?" Brer Wolf ask.

"I get up in de mawnin' an' drink de jew off de grass," Brer Rabbit say.

So Brer Wolf dig his well, an' Brer Rabbit drink de jew off de grass until Brer Wolf mo' lucky dan mos'. De water in his well get ve'y low, but it ain't never quite dry up. Den Brer Rabbit got to slippin' aroun' to Brer Wolf's ev'y night and Brer Wolf find his water gone and gone—ev'y mawnin' it all drawn out. But he see Brer Rabbit's tracks aroun' his well, an' he study to fix a plan for to ketch him. So he think he make him up a li'l' tar man, and he take some rags

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an' twis' an' tie 'em up into de likeness of a li'l' man, an' daub de whole over wid some o' dis yere pine tar, which is de stickinest stuff on de face of de yearth. He made de li'l' tar man, Brer Wolf did, an' den he set it up by de well an' hung de go'd on it.

That night, jus' fo' day, Brer Rabbit come aroun' same as usual, an' he see the li'l' man an' he stop an' say, "Good mawnin', Mr. Man."

But de li'l' tar man doan' say nothin', an' Brer Rabbit say again, "Good mawnin', Mr. Man."

But de li'l' tar man doan' speak, an' Brer Rabbit, he say, "Give me the go'd, please, sir."

De li'l' tar man jus' stan' thar an' keep his mouth shet, an' Brer Rabbit shout, "I say, give me the go'd or I'll hit yo' tireckly."

De li'l' tar man doan' 'spond, an' Brer Rabbit hauled away an' struck him side o' his haid, an' Brer Rabbit's fist stuck.

"Hoe! Yo' think yo' hol' me?" Brer Rabbit say. "Yo' take keer! I got another ba-ad hand yere," an' he struck de li'l' tar man wid dat, an' dat stuck.

"What mean holdin' me?" Brer Rabbit cry. "Yo' tu'n me loose or I hit yo' wid dis foot."

Den he lose de use o' one o' his feet. "Lord! what mean actin' disaway?" he holler. "Yo' done got to do different or I hit yo' wid my other foot. Yo' better let go. I kill several men wid dat foot."

Blip! he hit, an' de foot stuck same like de other. "Hey! yo' think yo' hol' me? I got a tail. If I hit yo' wid dat 'ar tail I cut yo' clean in two."

De li'l' tar man helt fast an' doan' say nothin', and Brer Rabbit get his tail stuck. "Lord! Lord!" he say, "yo' de wors' man what ever I see. Now tu'n me loose or I butt yo' wid my haid;" an' he butted an' got his haid stuck, an' he make de mos' awful racket a-bitin', knockin', an' kickin', till Brer Wolf come out in de mawnin' an' found him dar.

"Oh! yere de man what steal my water," Brer Wolf say. "I teach yo' a lesson now. I gwine eat yo' up, Brer Rabbit; but first I gwine give yo' de greates' whippin' yo' ever had in all yo' days."

So Brer Wolf tie Brer Rabbit to a big tree an' go off in de woods for to cut some switches to beat him with. He hadn't been gone mo' dan two minutes when Brer B'ar come along de road. He see Brer Rabbit tie to de tree an' he say, "What de matter, Brer Rabbit? What yo' doin' thar?"

"I'm a-waitin' for somepin to eat," Brer Rabbit say.

"What yo' gwine eat?" Brer B'ar ask.

"De folks what tie me hyar say they gwine make me eat a whole pig, two hams, an' ten loaves of bread," says Brer Rabbit.

Brer B'ar was hungry an' he say, "Dat about suit me, Brer Rabbit, but yo' too small for so much."

"Dat de trouble," says Brer Rabbit, "an' if yo' wan' to do de eatin' yo' can take my place, Brer B'ar," says he.

Brer B'ar reply he willin', an' he untie Brer Rabbit, an' den Brer Rabbit tie Brer B'ar to de tree an' went off home. Co'se Brer B'ar get de lickin'; but Brer Rabbit ain' care. He always playin' de ole scratch wid de other creatures, an' he de smartes' of de whole lot. Brer Wolf he de mos' prosperous, an' Brer Rabbit always sneakin' aroun' an' stealin' from him an' trickin' him. Time an' again he get right into Brer Wolf's kitchen when Brer Wolf step to de gyarden or de spring-house, an' he scoop de peas out'n de pot whar dey cookin' over de fire an' eat 'em an' den fill de pot up wid rocks. Brer Wolf he forever sayin' he fix him, but he cain't never fix Brer Rabbit 'case Brer Rabbit too smart a man fo' him.

When the little colored boy and I left the pleasant hollow where we had been lingering listening to the stories of the tar-kiln burner, the afternoon was far spent and the air was growing cool. Our entertainer tramped away with his gun and dogs back to his tar works and we went in the opposite direction across the woodland ruins to the main road. Shortly after we reached that sandy thoroughfare the boy turned aside to go to his home and I continued on alone, and the sun went down and the dusky evening brooded over the scrubby forest.

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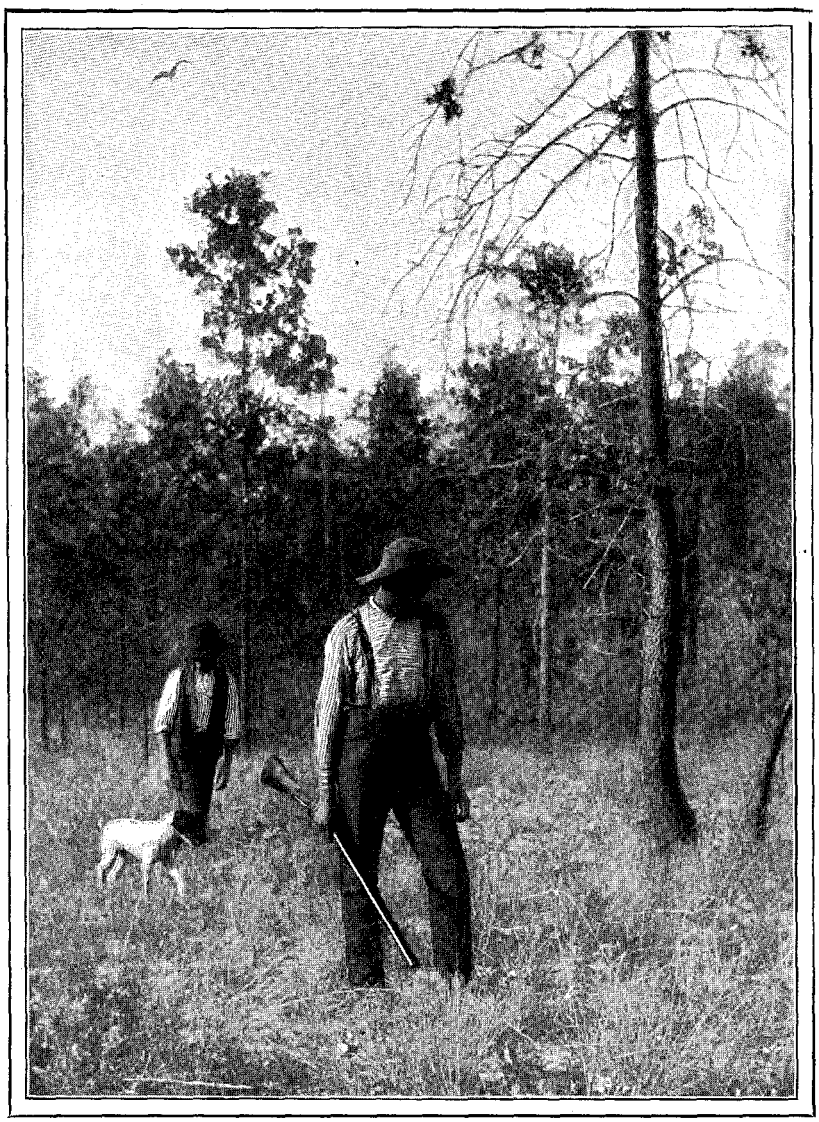

ON A TRAIL

Just as the darkness was getting dense I reached Spout Springs and sought one of the little homes beside the railroad track and engaged lodging of an elderly woman who was chewing a snuff-stick. The man of the house was at the well in the back yard drawing up a pail of water on the creaking windlass. That done, he went to feed the "fattening hogs," and afterward he sat down indoors to await the return of the cows from their day's grazing in the woods. They always came, but they took their own time about it, and the milking was often much belated. "Hit air plumb discouragin' the way those cows act," affirmed the man. "Sometimes I think I'll try to get shet of cows and not raise no mo' while I stay hyar."

"This ain't much of a place to live in since the sawmill got through," was the wife's comment; "an' we're gittin' ole. Hit's all I can do to walk about, and I don't go anywhar unless I'm hauled."

The grizzled old man now rose stiffly and picked up his milk-pail. "I hear the cows," he said, and went out into the night. I was sitting in the kitchen,

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a rough, shed-like room, lighted by a dim kerosene lamp. In one corner was a little stove. The walls were lined with cupboards and shelves. Numerous parcels and pails were suspended from the rafters by strings to keep them from the rats and ants; and to thwart the latter class of invaders the table legs were set in tin cans filled with water. "Them red ants are the meanest little things you ever met up with," declared my landlady. "Sometimes in the mornin' I find a regular path of 'em goin' and comin' cl'ar across the floor. They're so small I can't see 'em unless thar's a right smart lot of 'em together."

Presently the man returned from milking, and we had supper. For dessert I was introduced to a scuppernong pie. It was the first grape pie I had ever eaten. "I made hit with hulls and all," said the housewife, "and there's considerable sourness in the hulls, so yo' may like hit mo' sweeter."

I did not become enamored with the pie either as it was or "mo' sweeter." I liked the uncooked grapes better. They are a light green in color, and have a pleasant, mild flavor. My landlady was enthusiastic over the muscadines, a wild black grape that grows on the edges of swamps and old fields; but it was as yet too early for them. "They are not sweet good until after the frost bites 'em," she explained.

When we had finished supper and the dishes were cleared away, we went into the main part of the house. Here a brisk open fire was burning, filling the room with cheery light. I drew a chair up to the hearth and picked off the cockle-burrs and Spanish needles and beggar-lice I had collected during my day's tramping, while my landlady brought out a bedquilt and began working on it. "I'm makin' this for my baby boy," said she. "He was married last June. You see hit's pleated all over. We call hit the pineapple pattern. Hit's right pretty, I think."

The fire died down low from time to time, and I could feel the night gloom and outer chill creeping into the room. Then some pine sticks were added, and the crackling flames leaped again and sent out their grateful heat and light. The man told me all about the mysteries of tar-making, and he expressed great contempt for coal tar. It had few of the virtues of the pitchy product of the pine-trees. This pine tar was medicinal, too. It was an excellent salve for a sore or wound, "and hit's powerful healthy to put a little tar in a cup and drink it with water."

The family retired early, and it did not seem as if I had been asleep long when I heard the old man moving about in the next room. The darkness of night had scarcely begun to pale before the coming day. "A chicken woke me a-squallin'," the man said, when I came forth a little later, "an' I didn't know but one o' these hyar niggers workin' on the railroad was robbin' our hen-roost."

The alarm had proved a false one, but it was nearly rising time anyway, and the man began his day's work—that is, he fed his stock, milked the cows, and hacked away for a while at a pile of charred pine and crooked sticks of black-jack in a corner of the yard. When I stepped outdoors, I found my landlady in the garden picking some peppers. "I don't know how I'd keep house without peppers," said she, caressing the green plants. Then she pointed out to me the patches of collards, sweet potatoes, string beans, or snaps, as she called them, and a row of tall okra stalks growing beside the straight path that led down the center of the garden. Finally she called my attention to a great, coarse, wide-branching weed near the fence. "That thar's jimson," she informed me, "and hit's about the worst weed pest we have."

I went for a walk after breakfast, and I tried to make up my mind to stay in the region a few days longer, but its desolation was too pronounced, and by evening I had returned to Fayetteville.

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"DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT MY GIRL?" SAID HE

Up in the Clouds with the Crooked Steel

By William Davenport Hulbert

With Drawings by Thomas Fogarty

I THINK there were only three people who ever knew just what it was that came so near killing Jimmy O'Donnell. I was one of them, Rose MacIntyre was another, and Jimmy himself was the third. It happened the winter that I clerked in Bailey & Curtis's camp, on the East Branch.

To begin with, Jimmy was in great trouble, and he told me about it one Sunday afternoon as we sat on a skidway in the Great Taquamenon Swamp.

Just after dinner I was at my desk in the van, writing a letter, and, happening to glance out of the window, I saw Joe Lalonde go by on his way to the "men's camp." Joe was a big Canadian Frenchman, the best axman we had, tall and splendidly built, with black eyes, black hair, and black beard. He had been to the Soo on one of his periodical sprees and was just getting back, and I couldn't help feeling a little uncomfortable about it and wishing that he had come when the men were out at work; for, though Joe was ordinarily as good-natured a Frenchman as there was in the woods, a four days' visit to the Soo in the

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middle of winter was apt to give him a prolonged headache.

A half-hour went by, and I sealed my letter and went over to the men's camp to see what was going on. Loud voices were coming from within, but they ceased the instant I opened the door. The big box stove was red-hot and going full blast, and the camp was like an oven. A strong odor greeted me, an odor made up of the fragrance of the balsam boughs in the bunks, and of—well, of humanity. That was to be expected, but was there not something besides? I rather thought there was, but decided that it was not to be wondered at, considering Joe.

None of the usual Sunday afternoon occupations was in evidence. No one was playing cards, no one was reading or writing, no one was whittling, no one was even lying in his bunk and pretending to sleep. The men were sitting or standing idly about, and it seemed to me that there was a self-conscious look in every face as they glanced up at me. Yet, after all, there was nothing that could not be explained by the presence of the half-tipsy Frenchman who sat beside the stove with his eyes fixed moodily on the floor.

Nothing, except the attitude and expression of Jimmy O'Donnell. Jimmy was sitting on the far end of the long bench that stood in front of the row of bunks, his back braced against the wall, his hands in his pockets, and his face the very picture of trouble and woe—I had almost said of fear. I had never seen him look like that before, for Jimmy, besides being the best top-loader we had on the job, was usually one of the jolliest and pleasantest men in camp.

Something made me say, "Want to go for a walk, Jimmy?"

Rather to my surprise, he caught up his Mackinaw jacket and his cap and mittens and hurried me out of the camp. We tramped up and down the log road till nearly sunset, and then we sat down on a skidway to rest and have a smoke. We had said little, but somehow Jimmy's troubled mood had communicated itself to me, and I don't think I have ever felt much bluer or more homesick in my life than I did that afternoon as I took my seat on a big, fragrant pine log.

We were in a little pocket in the woods, a place as still and silent as the grave. On either hand the road stretched away for a few rods and then bent to the right or left and was lost to sight. Behind us loomed up the great heap of logs. In front, just across the narrow sleigh-track, was the dense cedar swamp, so thick that the eye could not penetrate it half a dozen feet. Overhead was an unbroken blanket of gray clouds, and underneath was the new snow that had fallen the night before. It was all so clean, clean, clean—so perfectly pure and spotless and sinless. Here, surely, if anywhere in all the world, a man might be at peace and free from temptation. But, oh! it was quiet and lonesome; and the whiteness and the silence got on your nerves; and all the wild longing for human companionship came surging up within you till you felt as if you would give your very soul to see the lights of the city and hear its roar—or to have a talk with your girl—or to go on a spree.

It was Jimmy who spoke first. "Did I ever tell you about my girl?" said he.

"No," said I; and Jimmy began.

It was his day to talk, and he did talk, as, I am sure, he had never talked before and never did again. He had known her ever since they were children, it seemed, and they had been engaged for about a year. She was so beautiful, with her black hair, and her clear white skin, and her big blue Irish eyes; and she was so good and so true and honest and loyal—a girl who would stand by a man through thick and thin, and do her level best for him always—provided he did his level best for her. There was the trouble. Jimmy was afraid that he wasn't going to do his best, or that the best he could do would still be a failure. This was his seventh winter in the woods, and every spring, when the camps broke up, he had gone with the rest of the boys to Newberry or the Soo and blown in all his earnings in a grand frolic that had lasted till the money was gone. He had done it last spring, since he had become engaged to Rose; and she had broken with him, but had finally agreed to give him another trial. She was waiting for him now, down in Sani-

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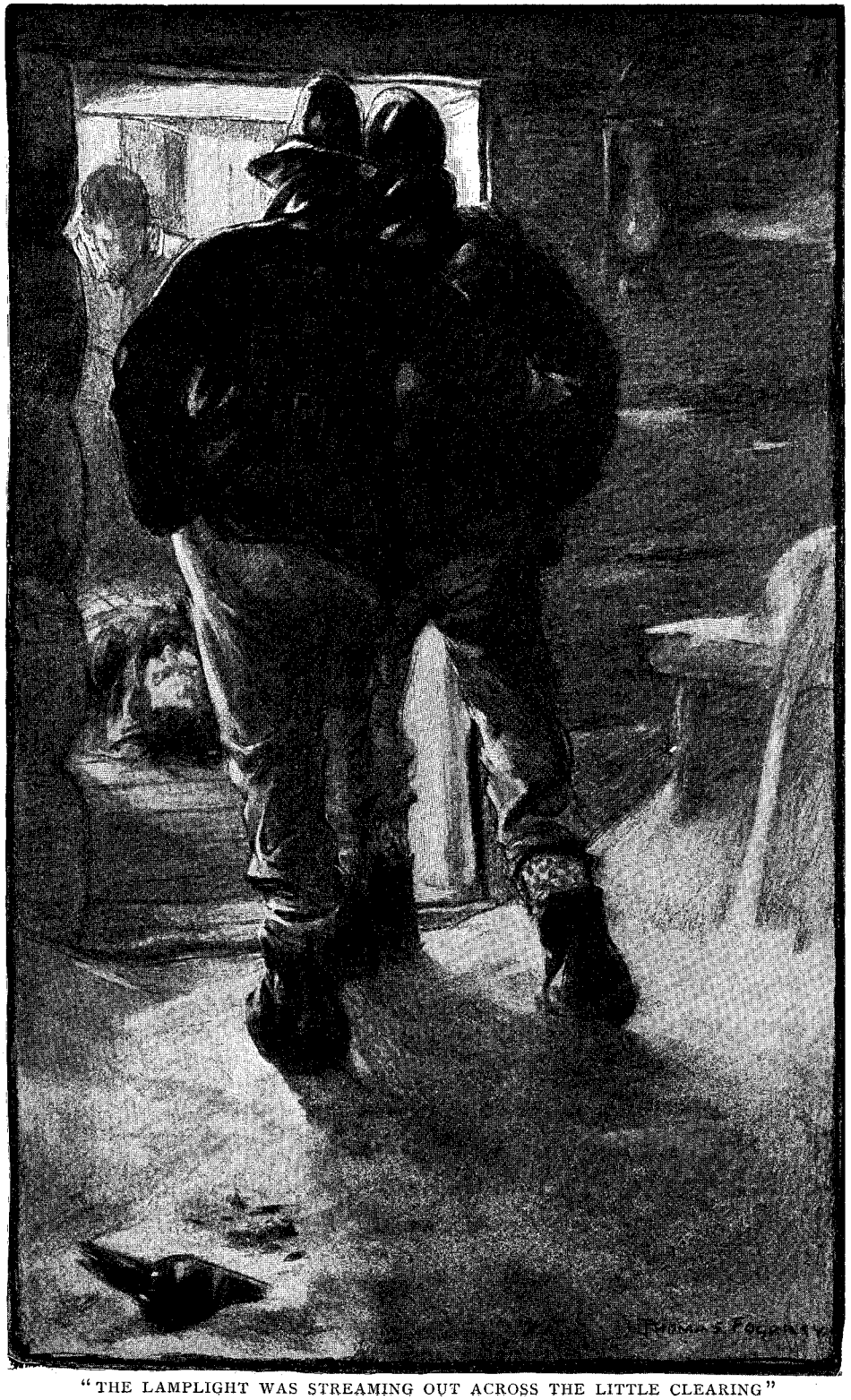

"THE LAMPLIGHT WAS STREAMING OUT ACROSS THE LITTLE CLEARING"

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lac, to see what he would do. Wages were high in the woods that winter, and his stake would be a large one—enough, with her good management, to start them in housekeeping. But whether he could ever get it across the Straits of Mackinac without spending it, he didn't know; and he was fairly sick with fear.

He paused a moment, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and I thought he was probably wondering if I could understand, or if I had already set him down for a weakling and a fool. I did understand. I, too, had spent winters in the camps, and had felt the deadly ennui of a life that feeds a man's physical nature till he is as full of health and strength and vigor as a spring maple is of sap, but gives him nothing to think about, and starves his soul and his emotions till he is ready to sacrifice his whole future for the sake of making things interesting. I didn't wonder that Jimmy was afraid. But I tried to cheer him up, and told him that he must take a brace and not think about it. This time, with so much to look forward to, he would surely keep straight. He shook his head.

"Every year," he said, "I've made up my mind that I wouldn't drink a drop, and then, when the break-up comes, all the boys are going to town, and somehow or other I always get a whiff of it, or a taste, and it's all up with me. And this afternoon—"

He stopped short, but I thought I knew what he meant. The odor of alcohol that Joe Lalonde had brought into the men's camp had wakened the old craving, and it threatened to sweep him off his feet and carry him away to town to do as Joe had done, without waiting for the break-up. I told him that he mustn't let the mere smell of whisky affect him that way, and he looked at me wonderingly, as if to say, "Don't you know?"

And I didn't know, though I thought I did.

Again I set to work in earnest to cheer him up and make him feel better, and the pictures I drew of the way he was to cheat the devil, and go down to Sanilac in triumph with his winter's stake, and marry his girl, and settle down to the enjoyment of domestic happiness with the finest wife in Michigan, were enough, it seemed to me, to put heart into any man. But it wouldn't do. Jimmy refused to be comforted. His face grew ever darker and more somber, and when at last I reminded him that it was after supper-time and we must go back to camp, he rose reluctantly and walked slowly and heavily, as if he were being dragged against his will.

It was dark when we reached the men's camp, but the door stood open, and the lamplight was streaming out across the little clearing. And then, all of a sudden, I knew what Jimmy's danger had been; and knew, too, that it was over for that time. The fragments of a big black whisky-bottle lay beside a stump in front of the camp, and there was a yellow stain on the snow. Jimmy saw it as soon as I did, and his face lit up with a glad relief. We went in and found Joe Lalonde lying on the floor with his hands tied behind him and his ankles strapped together. Not content with breaking the strictest rule of the camp by bringing liquor with him when he came back from the Soo, he had picked a quarrel with Ole Erickson, one of the swampers, and had tried to stick a knife into him. The next day he went over the tote-road—we were sorry to lose him, too, for he was a corking good woodsman—and Jimmy received a very fat letter from Sanilac and was happy again.

But as the weeks went by I could see that at times he was still afraid. There were days when he was in the highest spirits, and days when he was in the very lowest. I remember one night when several of us sat up late, swapping stories across the box stove in the van—late, that is, for camp; I don't suppose it was really after nine or ten o'clock. Jimmy had never been better company than he was that evening. At last Bob Wilson swore he didn't know no more antidotes, and we rose and went out into the night. There was no moon, but over the dark circle of tree-tops the stars were shining wondrously, and the snow-crust was gleaming in the pale light. The air was like needles, but it thrilled one to the very heart with life

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and strength, and Jimmy threw up his arms and shouted in the sheer physical delight of living.

"I'm going to make it! I'm going to make it!" he said, as we separated for the night.

On other occasions he was moody and silent, and there were times, especially on Sundays, when he evidently did not know what to do with himself. Once he came to me and asked me to lend him something to read, and I very gladly did so. But Jimmy was not cut out for a reading man, and though he tried faithfully to interest himself in the novels I gave him, I fear they did not help him much. Sometimes he and I took a tramp together, but there is little enjoyment in a Sunday afternoon walk over the same road on which you have been working all the week. Several of Joe Lalonde's countrymen went out on a midwinter frolic in the course of the next month, and Jimmy, I recollect, was in the van when one of them came in to get his time. A weary, troubled look came into his face, and he went out and did not come back that evening. At another time I saw a man who was about to leave the camp talking earnestly to him, while Jimmy listened with a hunted expression in his eyes.

"Coming to the van, Jimmy?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, eagerly; and he followed me in and sat down beside the stove, where he stayed till bedtime. He was growing thinner, and his laugh and joke were heard less frequently than in the early winter.

"I'd be willing to die," he said to me once, in a tired, discouraged voice, "if it would do Rose any good, but I don't know whether I can ever live the way she wants me to or not."

When Jimmy was at work, he was all right. As I have said, he was the best top-loader we had in camp, and never had he seemed to take as much pride in building fancy skidways as he did now. The piles of logs that he put up during those few weeks were miracles of evenness, with sides almost as smooth as the wall of a house. But he couldn't be at work all the time, and at last the catastrophe came.

One day Jimmy did not go out to the skidways with the other men, and after supper I went to see what was the matter with him. I found him lying in his bunk, with a slight fever and a very hard headache; but after questioning him a little I decided that his trouble was nothing that could not be cured by a day or two of rest and a good heavy dose of quinine, and I so reported to the push. Unfortunately, the push was not in a good humor. The old man had just come up from Saginaw to see how things were going, and had not been very well satisfied. We had had a prolonged thaw, and the skidding had been delayed.

"Has Jimmy got a hospital ticket?" he asked.

Jimmy had told me that he had a ticket on a hospital at the Soo.

"Then he'll have to go there," said the push. "We can't have any sick men in camp."

I said nothing in reply, for I hoped that Jimmy would be better in the morning, but when I went over before breakfast I found no change in him. I told him what the push had said, and he grew very much excited. Ordinarily he was not very profane—for a lumber-jack—but now he declared with many an oath that he would not go to the Soo for anybody.

"You know what'll happen to me if I do," he said, "and I'd rather stay here and die."

So I went back to the push and told him I was sure Jimmy would be all right if only he could keep still for a day or two. But the push was obdurate. We had already had two cases of typhoid in camp that winter, and there was smallpox at Graham's, only twenty miles away.

"If he can't go to work he'll have to go to the Soo."

That was the ultimatum.

Jimmy was silent for a moment when I told him. Then he said, quietly, "All right, I'll go to work;" and, sitting up on the edge of his bunk, he began to fumble with his socks.

I liked his nerve, but I was troubled when I saw how his hands shook and how flushed his face was.

"I'm afraid you'll be worse if you try

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"I THINK IT WAS SHE, MORE THAN THE DOCTORS AND NURSES, WHO PULLED HIM THROUGH"

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it," I said; "and, besides, Jimmy, you aren't in any shape to handle a cant-hook. You're likely to be killed if you go up on the skidway this morning."

"Don't care," he replied; and as he pulled on his mackinaw he added, with a bit of lumberman's slang and an attempt at his old-time gayety, "I'll go up in the clouds with the crooked steel again. That's the only place for me."

And half an hour later, with his cant-hook in his hands, he was up on the top of the highest skidway in the Great Tahquamenon Swamp.

It was to be the last skidway of the season, and the last logs were to go up that morning. The heap stood in a little space that had been cleared for it beside the main road. Behind it the logs were being dragged in, one or two at a time, from the places where the trees had fallen, and laid across skids, ready to be rolled up to the top. In front, across the road, was a beaten path where a team of horses walked back and forth, alternately pulling and slackening the decking-chain, which, passing up over the top of the heap, ran down behind it, around the stick to be drawn up, and up again to the top of the skidway, where it ended in a stout steel hook driven firmly into a log. When the horses started, the stick began to roll up the back of the pile, guided by two men with cant-hooks, who followed it a little way and then turned back to get another one ready. Then came Jimmy's turn, and he would come down from the peak with his "crooked steel" to meet the log and steer it the rest of the way. He always knew beforehand just where each one was to go—had a place already prepared for it—and he would give it a twist this way or that, now holding one end back and now pulling it ahead a little farther, till it dropped into exactly the right spot. The last log of the pile, the one that made the very top of the heap, was always the worst, for he had to stand before it to guide it into place, and if by any chance the horses drew it a little too far, or it did not fit the niche that he had intended for it, it was liable to roll down the front of the skidway, and unless he could jump over it he was pretty sure to be treated like a piece of dough under a rolling-pin. We had had a man killed in that way earlier in the winter. But Jimmy was not to be so caught. More than once I had seen him step up on to an advancing log, or leap into the air and let it pass under him. He was as sure-footed as a goat and as nimble as a squirrel.

How he would get along this morning was a serious question with me, however, and I was glad when, about ten o'clock, an errand took me to his skidway. As I came in sight of it Jimmy was working hard with his cant-hook at a log that had twisted around till it lay squarely across the others, one end pointing up over the crest of the pile like a Quaker gun trained on the tops of the trees.

"What's the matter with Jimmy to-day?" asked the driver of the decking-team as I passed him. "He's been making cannons all the morning. Acts as if he'd been drinking."

The two men who were "sending up" climbed the skidway and helped Jimmy straighten the log out, and in a few minutes it was in place. Then, while they were getting another one started, he stood still, leaning on his cant-hook, his head drooping, and weariness and lassitude in every line of his figure. Often and often I had seen him balance himself on the top log, as lightly and gracefully as a bird on a branch, but there was none of that left now.

"I thought Jimmy O'Donnell could handle a cant-hook," said a rather disgusted voice at my elbow.

I turned and found the old man standing beside me.

"He can," I said, "but he's sick this morning. He's no business to be up there at all."

"Then call him down," said the old man.

"He'll be down in a minute, anyhow. That's the last log, just going up," said I.

We stood and watched. The team walked off with the decking-chain, and the log began to climb the pile. In the very peak was a notch which Jimmy evidently meant it to fill. More than once I thought there would be another cannon, for the log was a large, heavy butt, with one end nearly twice as big as the other, and it kept turning side-

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wise in a very troublesome way. But Jimmy was working carefully, knowing that the old man's eye was on him, and he got it up at last till it was poised on the tip-top of the skidway, and in another moment would have dropped into its niche. Then—

"Hold on!" he cried.

It was a little out of line.

"Whoa!" said the driver, and the horses stood motionless with their weight on the collars, holding the chain tight that the log might not roll back. Jimmy struck his steel into the little end and tried to draw it forward, but it proved too heavy for him, so he planted the cant-hook stock against the butt, like a lever, and braced himself firmly, meaning to hold it back till the small end was even with it.

"If anything goes wrong he'll have to be mighty spry or he'll be caught," muttered the old man.

"Once up," called Jimmy, and the driver chirruped to his horses.

Now, those horses knew their business almost as perfectly as Jimmy knew his, and the driver was in the habit of boasting that they could deck logs just as well without him as with him. When they heard that chirrup they knew that their business was to lean just a trifle harder against the collars and start the log with a slow, steady pull. They would have done it, too; but, as bad luck would have it, a tree stood just beside their path, and on the tree was a dead branch. There was no wind that morning, and why that dead limb should have chosen that particular moment to fall is one of the things that no one knows, or ever will know. But it did fall, and the startled horses lunged forward with a jerk that carried the log clean over. Jimmy dropped his cant-hook and made a jump, but the butt was too big for him to clear it, and he landed on it on his hands and knees. If he had been as lively as usual, he might still have escaped. As it was, he struggled desperately to get over and on to the safe side, but he couldn't quite make it, and in another instant he and the log were rolling over and over each other down the steep face of the skidway.

We thought he was dead when we picked him up, but his heart was still beating, and by the old man's orders we took him out to the nearest railway station and got a freight locomotive and a flat car—the only train to be had—to take him to the hospital. He was going to the Soo, after all, but not in the way he had dreaded. I sat beside him as he lay on the blankets, and held his hands, and by and by he stirred and I thought I saw a look of consciousness in his face. Then his eyes opened, he glanced up at me for a moment, gravely and wearily, and the lids dropped again. His face was drawn and very white, and his mouth twitched a little and then set in firm, sad lines. I could not tell whether he was in pain or not, but I was sure he knew that death was very near and that this was the end of all his hopes and his struggles.

For nearly an hour we rode, the engine roaring like a demon, the car leaping and bounding over the rails, and the black tree-tops dancing past against a curtain of gray-white clouds. Then a narrow blue line stretched itself across the right-of-way, and slowly grew and lifted and spread until it covered half the sky, and suddenly we shot out into the bright sunlight. The warmth and radiance fell full on Jimmy's face, and perhaps it served to rouse him. At all events, his tense look relaxed, as if he had just thought of something that comforted him a little. His eyes opened again, and he spoke for the first time since the log passed over him.

"I've been thinking," he said, in a weak whisper, "that maybe Rose would like it if she knew why I went to work this morning. Will you write to her and tell her all about it? There's nobody knows but you."

"Of course I will, Jimmy," said I; and before he could answer the car gave a lurch, and he cried out in sudden pain and fainted away. As I sat beside him and watched his face, thinking that he was dying, it came to me that if ever a man gave his life for love and the desire to do right, this man had done it.

We got him to the Soo and the hospital, and I went to the telegraph office and sent the longest despatch I ever wrote. In an hour the answer came, and I went with it to Jimmy. The doctors

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had just finished their examination, and they looked grave when I asked them how he was. I went into his room and up to his bed.

"Jimmy," said I, "I've telegraphed to Rose, and I've just got an answer from her. She'll be here to-morrow."

Jimmy jumped so that the nurse caught him by the shoulder and held him down.

"What!"

It would have been a shout if he had been stronger, but in his weakness it was only a whisper.

"She's coming," I repeated; and he broke down and cried like a child.

Rose came the next day, and I think it was she, more than the doctors and nurses, who pulled him through. He never went up in the clouds with the crooked steel again, and he never will. It is a physical impossibility. But he ran a small camp of his own last winter, jobbing for the old man, who put up the money to start him. His wife was with him, and I understand that he did very well and is to have a larger contract next season.

Aspiration

By L. Frank Tooker

Give me the quiet of some laureled glade
And soft hand-clappings of the friendly trees,
Then shall my spirit, burgeoning in ease,
And armed with peace, go forth all unafraid,
Fresh from its accolade.

So shall I, walking in that lonely place,
In splendor watch the silent stars go by,
And feel the influence of the tranquil sky
Blossom in dreams and hopes, until God's face
Shall shine there for a space.

The silence of rapt twilights there shall mold
Such stately highways to the glowing west
That I shall pass, like one on holy quest,
And see the sacred cup, where clouds unfold,
Wrought of hope's coined gold.

The days shall pass like sober men-at-arms
Who, battles over and their warfare done,
With chin on hand sit drowsing in the sun,
Dreaming of knightly fields and old alarms,
Now sheltered from war's harms.

Then some fair dawn across the lifted hill
The wind shall call like a gay trumpeter,
And straight my heart leap up to meet the stir,
And something whisper: "If you would but will,
All things might be yours still."

The wind at dawn still brings the hope that stirred
The sad-eyed sailor who, with steadfast brow,
First dared the unknown seas with westering prow.
Then soul leaps to its goal, as homing bird
Sees its straight path unblurred.

Keen grows the vision then, the inward look
That measures gain and balances each loss.
Then shall the soul accept no luring dross,
And one small patch of sky glassed in the brook
Preach more than bell and book.

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THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

By Elizabeth McCracken

The series of articles of which this is the first is the outcome of several months of study and investigation in many parts of the United States, undertaken by Miss McCracken at the request of The Outlook. The wide sympathy, delicate humor, and acute knowledge of human nature shown in two articles by Miss McCracken, published in the "Atlantic Monthly," called "The Book in the Tenement" and "The Play and the Gallery" (the latter was reprinted in The Outlook, our readers will remember) attracted quite unusual attention. The same qualities will be found, we believe, in the articles here begun. Miss McCracken's aim has been, not only to observe and record the life of American women as influenced by locality, education, and occupation, but also to show what is really typical and significant, what women are feeling and thinking as well as what they are doing, and to illustrate this by anecdote, bits of talk, and actual experiences. Perhaps a few subject-titles (we give less than half the entire number) will best indicate the scope of the undertaking: The Woman of the Small Town, Reconstruction in the South and the Southern Woman, The Club Woman, The American Woman of Letters, The Woman of the American Stage, The Woman on the Farm.—THE EDITORS.

First Paper—The Pioneer Woman of the West

A MAN of keen vision and no less keen sympathy, who knows the pioneer life of the West very well—"as well as any one not a part of it could know it," to quote Mr. William R. Lighton—once told me that it reminded him of nothing so much as Dr. Van Dyke's description of the Laurentian Hills: "Here you do not need to keep to the path, for there is none. You may make your own trail."

Does the life of any other section of the country remind us, even remotely, of this description? In the South, for instance, is there not a path, clear and unmistakable? We all know that there is; and we know, too, that until in the fullness of time the people of the South complete a new path, as clear, as unmistakable, they must needs often, indeed, keep to the deeply worn way of the old one, lest, bewildered, they lose themselves, even in the familiar forests. The very word "trail"—has it not a strange sound to New England ears? The trails made in New England—have they not long, long since widened and broadened into trodden avenues?

It is only in the West that there is no path. In this new country, in this land without the background of a fixed condition, in this wilderness traversed by none of the paved roads of the traditional, you may make your own trail; you may be, indeed you must be, a pioneer. Unquestionably, it is a great love for this large liberty which creates and distinguishes the pioneer. Is it not, perhaps, the finding of it and the using of it that makes the pioneer life so palpitating, so warm, so radiant, and of such consequently immeasurable importance in the development of the Nation?

We have been encouraged by Mr. Bret Harte, as well as by many other persons, to believe that this is true of the men who by nature and choice are pioneers. Is it not even more vividly true of those women who venture into the pathless land? A woman must have twice a man's confident strength before she can quite wish to venture; thrice a man's inducement before she quite will venture. A pioneer woman whom I met only last winter told me this; and remembering still the look in her eyes when she said it, I know that it is true.

I met her in the most casual possible manner. One day, in February, I went from Omaha, Nebraska, over to the town of Lincoln to visit the State University. That day in February was very far from warm. The wind, my host mildly observed as I left the house at half-past seven in the morning, was noticeable; and the thermometer, my

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hostess said—urging upon me additional wraps—registered twenty degrees below zero. An acquaintance whom I discovered in the frigid electric car advised me not to go. "The trains will all be late; you may be stranded somewhere," he said. However—perhaps the pioneer spirit is infectious—I continued on my journey. As my acquaintance had predicted, the trains were all late; and on my way back to Omaha from the State University I was stranded in a dreary little way station for three hours. But in that seeming misfortune I found one of the best, one of the most lovely, of all the many beautiful and good fortunes of my journeyings.

That little Western railroad station may be a cheerier place in June, when the prairie before it is pink with clover and the sky above it is blue, than it was on that afternoon in February. The prairie was brown then, and the sky gray; and the wind outside still very noticeable. Inside, a huge stove made the middle of the unventilated room unbearably warm, and left the remoter corners uncomfortably cold. There must have been other grown persons in the station, but I remember only one, a young woman, sitting in one of the corners, holding a baby in her arms. The baby's only wrap was a white cloak, such as babies wear in Eastern winters. I had seen mothers in Nebraska attire their little children for February days; and this little child was half-coughing, half-crying. Almost before I realized it, I found myself sitting beside the mother and saying, "Is your baby quite warm enough, do you think?"

She looked up quickly. "The air is better here than near the stove," she said, emphatically, "and," she added with dignity, glancing at the baby, "her cloak is warm." She looked at me again, to see if her manner and her words had had a sufficiently quenching effect upon this instance of that form of ardor which presumes to offer unsought advice, however good.

She was so obviously young, so evidently new to the prairie. Notwithstanding her decided words, her firm lips drooped a little; in spite of her determined dignity, her manner was appealing. She was alarmed about the baby, too; and I was sure that the baby was merely cold. I could not bring myself to leave them. While I was still casting about in my mind for some "careful words" with which again to address the mother, she suddenly relented. She seized my hand: "Do you *really* think the baby is cold?" she asked, quickly, impulsively.

"I certainly do," I told her; "although she probably doesn't feel cold," I hastily supplemented. "If we bundle her up more, perhaps she may go to sleep."

"But I haven't anything we can bundle her up *in*," said the mother.

Thanks to my hostess in Omaha, I had many things; and we soon had the small girl nestled snugly in the folds of my long ulster. In a pocket of the coat chanced to be a little gray chiffon veil which, several weeks earlier, one day in New York, one of my friends had, in response to my protest against her wearing it, laughingly taken off, and then, in turn protesting that she had no way of carrying it, tucked into my pocket. It was exactly what we needed to tie about the baby's delicate throat; and, knowing that my friend would like to have it put to so sweet a use, I gave it to the mother, and she deftly arranged it. Before very long the baby girl actually did cease coughing, cease crying, and go contentedly to sleep.

"She really *was* cold," observed the mother, as though she had doubted it until that moment; "but how did *you* know it?"

"Well, I have seen a great many babies in Nebraska, in February; and they all had on more things—"

"Such as gray chiffon veils around their necks?" she interrupted, with a smile. "It *has* made her stop coughing, though," she conceded, naïvely; "but I am afraid you may need it," she added.

"Not in the least," I assured her; and then I told her how I happened to have the veil, and how pleased my friend would be to learn that a tired little child had found it warm and soothing.

A slight shadow crept over the mother's face. "You remind me of college," she replied to my unspoken question.

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"One's possessions always belonged quite as much to one's friends as to one's self, in college."

"College!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Yes," said the baby's mother, "I was in college two years—in Massachusetts. We handed things about, just in the way you've lent my baby your friend's veil—"

"Which has been in my pocket ever since I left New York," I interposed a trifle reminiscently; the great prairie and the wild wind are very far from the Atlantic seaboard.

It was the turn of my new acquaintance to exclaim. "New York!" she said; "the East! Really, *are* you from there? Have you just come? Have you ever been in Boston? Do you know *my* college? Have you seen the new Abbey pictures? Did you *ever* go to Float Day at Wellesley? Did you ever hear Mrs. Julia Ward Howe recite the Battle Hymn of the Republic? Oh, tell me, please tell me *everything!*" She plied question upon question, like another Rosalind in another Arden. She was so eager, so hungry for news of all those things which, as she presently told me, she had chosen to leave for this one thing, greater to her, dearer to her than them all, this sharing of a pioneer's life. "Tell me," she repeated; and I told her all that I could of all she asked. Then, seeing that she longed to hear still more, I gave her an account of the recent Twelfth Night festivities at the National Arts Club, and of one of the Artists' Festivals in Boston, and of the performance of "The Hunchback" at Radcliffe College; and I told her much of that dear inconsequent gossip which we all so delight to hear regarding the places we love.

Finally, when I had finished saying that the Museum of Fine Arts might be removed from Copley Square, and that the Browning Society undoubtedly did intend to repeat their production of "The Return of the Druses," and that Wellesley College had adopted student government, there was a short silence. Then the child's mother, her face still bright with her happiness in the home tidings, said, with another touch of that quaint *naïveté* which she had shown so early in our acquaintance, "I suppose you wonder why I care so much about hearing it all?"

"Because you belong to New England, perhaps?" I suggested, tentatively.

She smiled; and then she said seriously: "No, I don't belong to New England. I was born there, I went to school there, I grew up there—but I belong out here now. I think I must always *really* have belonged out here, though I never *knew* that I did until I knew—" she hesitated for a moment, and then she concluded simply, "the man I married. He belongs out here. He always knew he did; he has been out here since he was a young boy. He came because he wanted to make his own way, in his own way. There is no one to suppress him out here, and nothing to hinder him—and there is so much space!"

Almost unconsciously, she lifted her eyes and gazed out of the window at the prairie, unbounded, unobstructed, pathless. "There is so much space," she said again.

"Yes," I assented, "there is."

She turned and looked at me very nearly as intently as she had considered the brown plain. "I understood how he felt," she said, slowly and earnestly, "and I wanted to come too; so, you see, I don't belong to New England."

"No," I agreed, "you belong here."

"Yes," she said; but her face again became shadowed, ever so little; and I added: "You do—only, sometimes you feel a little lonely for the things there, perhaps?"

"Yes," she said again, her face still grave; "sometimes I do," and then it was that she said, "It is harder for a woman than for a man. A woman doesn't so easily give up the safe way, the old way; a woman gets so attached to the accustomed order of things. A man isn't so afraid to try new ways." She paused for a moment, and then she repeated more earnestly than before: "But—I belong out here. I want to help try new ways."

Just then the baby girl, who had been sleeping happily all this time, never guessing that we had half forgotten her, stirred; and as her mother and I gently

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folded her more closely from the cold, she smiled in her sleep. The mother's face lost all its shadow; she turned to me with a smile no less sunny, no less lovely, than her child's. "I do not feel lonely *now* for the old ways," she whispered; "I shall never *really* be lonely for them again."

"I am sure you never really will," I said, with confidence. Then she told me more about her life and her hopes. The story was not unfamiliar to me; in the West it is not at all unusual. Her husband owned a small cattle ranch in a neighboring State. That ranch, fifteen miles from the nearest neighbor, thirty-five miles from the nearest town, was her home. It had been her home for not quite two years. The little girl, who was four months old, was her first child. Five months earlier she had gone, as so many women living on remote ranches do go, to a city hospital, where she, and then she and the child, had been cared for. "And now we are going back home," she said, as she concluded the story, so short and yet so deeply, unspeakably significant. Her husband would meet her, she added, at the town, thirty-five miles from the ranch, meet her and their first-born child, and together they would drive, by day and by night, to their home.

"We have our whole lives before us," she said, her face glowing with enthusiasm; "and we can make them what we will. Oh," she exclaimed, "it is glorious to think of it! And," she added with a sweet and fervent gravity, "we intend to make them *good*."

She told me all these things more tenderly and seriously, it is true, but no less simply, than she had spoken of her college days and her childhood spent in rural New England. It was almost evening when she finished. The gray of the sky had become rose-colored, and one star was shining. The little child still slept; and the mother and I, watching her, did not speak again until the belated train came.

In the train the mother promised to get a thick shawl for the baby before starting on the long drive to the ranch; and she gave me a button from the baby's white cloak as a parting gift. A habit of reading and writing while on the train had led me to take with me that morning a copy of Dr. Rolfe's edition of "Romeo and Juliet," which one of my friends had challenged me to edit from memory according to Miss Adams's version. Just before we reached Omaha I gave it to my new-made friend. She smiled a little wistfully as she regarded the slender volume of Pompeian red; it held for her, as it holds for most of us, such countless and subtle suggestions of the mystic circle of the academic life.

"It may be a long time," she said, as we were parting, "before the next time I meet a person who cares how Shakespeare is edited!"

"It may be long, too," I replied, "before the next time I meet a pioneer who is a pioneer indeed!"

She waved her hand to me from the window as the train bore her away. I did not see her again; it is not likely that I ever shall; but I have often thought of her since; and among those possessions of mine which I particularly cherish I count the little button of white pearl that once had a place on her baby's cloak.

"I belong out here," she said; and she does—I am certain that she does. Even in those cold hours, in that dismal station, she kept her sturdy faith, her dauntless courage; she did not so much as lose her quaint humor, her naïve girlish grace. She was so young, so strong, so simple, and, with it all, she was so exquisite. Of a certainty, she does belong out there in the pathless land. Her husband will make the new path of which she spoke with such absolute trust, but, unknowingly it may be to any of them, she—and that not without aid from her little child—will to a great extent determine its direction. Can we not partially foretell that direction, and, foretelling, may we not be very glad?

Somewhat later in the evening of that long February day, when the hospitable warmth with which my kind hostess in Omaha welcomed my return had made me forget how many degrees below zero the thermometer still registered, I said to her, "Do you know any pioneer women?"

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She smiled. "I am the daughter of one," she said; "I am one myself."

With the memory of that other daughter's mother still so new in my thoughts I could feel no surprise. "Please tell me about it," I said.

"There isn't so very much to tell," she began. "My father and mother went out to make a new home. I was a little girl; but I remember about it. We decided where on the claim the house should be built; and I helped clear away the underbrush." She paused, and her face lighted; her voice, when she spoke again, had the happy fervor of the other woman's voice. "I have always liked to remember that house," she said.

Who would not? Have they not a peculiar power, those men and women who as children helped clear away the underbrush on the Western claims on which their fathers and mothers decided to make new homes? My hostess had; and her own children reflected it. Her own home was a stronghold. She did so much, she could do so much, with her heart and her mind and her hands; and her children were "joyous children;" they were capable and zealous; they, too, did much, could do much. Through the whole house there shone the light of a fine vigor, a bright expectancy.

I was saying something of this to my hostess when my host entered the room, followed by the children. "Oh, *that*—that's the very essence of the West," he exclaimed, overhearing my last words. "It is the thing that makes it so magnificent; it might be strong enough without that, but it wouldn't be so splendid."

"How do you account for it?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, heartily, "the women of the West have something to do with it." Are we not all very sure that they have?

An experience which I had very shortly after leaving Omaha deepened my own conviction that they have. The hazards of traveling over the prairies in midwinter are somewhat many and great. Between Omaha and Denver the train, which for hours had been moving very slowly and uncertainly through the deep snow which covered the ground and the falling snow which filled the air, stopped. The conductor, after a prolonged investigation, returned to say that a freight train on the track a mile above had been wrecked. "We'll have to stay here until the track is cleared," he added. We stayed there for seven hours. After about two hours the conductor again returned. "They are going to take our engine to help with the wreck," he said; "we'll have to turn off the heat in our train, and it may get cold." It got very cold.

All the other passengers in the sleeping-car were men. They soon left the train and went down to watch the clearing of the track. I sat for a time looking out of the car window. A station was near, and close to the station there was a small frame house. Presently a woman opened the door of the house, and stood for a moment in the doorway, staring first at the train and then down the track. Taking my traveling-bag, I immediately left the car and went over to the house. The woman saw me coming and waited.

She grasped my hand as though I had been an old friend; she took my bag; she brushed the snow from my wraps. "Come right in," she said, cordially, "and rest and get warm." It was the greeting of the pioneer to a comrade.

I went in. She placed a chair for me beside the kitchen stove, and while I rested and she made a cup of coffee for me I looked at her. She had the most steadfast eyes that I have ever seen.

"Have you lived here long?" I asked her, when at length she came and sat with me before the kitchen stove—the "friendship fire" of the prairie.

"Our house was the second house built here," she said; "there ain't more than forty houses here now; this is a new town; it ain't fifteen years old."

"And you have seen it grow!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she said, "and it's grown fast; and it'll grow faster, now the railroad runs through here."

"It isn't exactly running to-day," I suggested, partly to break the silence which followed.

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She laughed. "No," she agreed; "but most generally it does. Before we had it we used to have to drive over to the next town, twenty miles away, to get it. We had to drive over there to get 'most everything," she continued, reflectively. "There weren't any stores, any *anything* here, 'cept our house and farm and another house and farm."

"There is ever so much more here now, isn't there?" I commented.

"Yes, there is," she said, with a touch of pride. "We've got a school, and a post-office, and three stores, and two churches, and the railroad. The people that's settling around come *here* now to get the train, and see the sights, and buy things—just like we used to go over to the nearest big town when *we* was first settling before we were a town."

"And, after a while, I suppose those people will have a town of their own—" I began.

"Oh, yes, if they work hard and keep straight," she said, confidently; "and there'll probably be more people who'll settle around *them*. There's plenty of room for new towns out here."

"And plenty of courage in the people who make them," I added.

She looked at me with a new friendliness in her unwavering eyes. "Yes," she said, with a fullness of meaning. "And there has to be; it takes grit, 'specially in a woman."

"Oh!—it must—I know," I said, quickly.

"I came when I was married," the woman began slowly; "that's when women generally do. I lived in the town that was twenty miles near; my husband did too. But he wanted to start out for himself, and prospects was good over here. He got this land and we came. We've been real prosperous and happy. My husband's a good man and we've got good children, and things have turned out well with us. But it's took grit."

It was the pioneer story again, in all its strength and its simple, unconscious grandeur. The woman recounted it in still further detail. She told me about her children, who did not return from school before I left; and about her husband, who was at that moment helping remove the wreck from the track a mile above.

He came in as I was reluctantly preparing to go. I had given to my hostess as farewell tokens various trifles from my bag, and, seeing them, he smiled, though not unkindly. His wife's womanly delight in a pale-blue silk scarf and a soft linen collar, which, as he remarked, looked like a bit of tissue-paper, gave him a certain amused pleasure.

"Women can't help liking fine things," he said to his wife, but she only smiled by way of reply.

As he carried my bag back to the train, he repeated, musingly: "Women can't help liking fine things. They have all kinds of good ways." He smiled again, gently. "It's why they make such a dif'rence," he said, in the manner of one voicing for the first time a newly discovered truth; "it's why they do—'specially here."

"They make a great difference here, don't they?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "they make it good or bad, more or less, 'cording to how they want it." I thought of his wife; how she had wanted it no one meeting her could fail correctly to surmise; how she had made it, in her own case, no one meeting her husband could fail unmistakably to see. She had said herself, "Things have gone well with us;" and her husband had said, "Women like fine things; they have all kinds of good ways."

One of my friends in Portland, Oregon, to whom, shortly afterward, I was relating some of my experiences, agreed with me that there was something particularly appropriate in the manner in which I had met these women who had told me most about the pioneer life. Almost invariably I happened upon them through some unexpected chance; in every instance I met them, not at a journey's end, but along a journey's perilous way. Traveling to Portland from Denver, I met still another, at a small town in Idaho, where the train stopped for breakfast. Her two children and her husband were with her. They lived fifty miles from the town, and they had driven that fifty miles in the March weather to take the train; but they were

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not tired. "We are used to long distances and to all kinds of weather," the woman said; "and we are so glad to be on time for the train."

The train continued on its way to Portland. From the boundaries of Portland, a city of as fixed a social order, of as mellowed a provincial culture, as Cambridge, Massachusetts, the pioneer life seemed as remote as it seems from Harvard University itself. I soon found, however, that it was not.

One day, as I was going up the Columbia River in a trading vessel to a mountain village in Oregon, I met another pioneer woman. She was standing alone on the calm side of the boat's deck, looking down at her hand, on which there was a ring, very new, very bright. She glanced up just as I, seeing her, turned away to return again to the other side of the vessel from which the wind had driven me. "Don't go," she said.

"But wouldn't you rather have me go?" I asked her.

"No," she assured me; "and it may be a long time before I see a woman again."

"Do you live on a farm?" I asked, seeing that she wished me to speak.

"No; but I am going to live in a lumber camp," she replied. She again looked down at her hand, at the ring, so new and so bright. "I was married to-day," she said.

Before she could say anything further her husband, who evidently had been but a moment gone, returned, and I left them.

Late in the afternoon the vessel stopped, as it so often had stopped that day, running aground in the sand, at the foot of the great tree-grown mountains. Two members of the crew threw a plank from the boat to the dry sand; and the woman with the new ring, and the man who had given her the ring, stepped to the shore. The woman was very young, and the childlike gown she wore accentuated her youth. Against the gaunt heights of the mountains she appeared strangely sensitive and fragile and small.

She hesitated for a moment after reaching the shore; and the man, turning to wait for her, slipped on the sand. Instantly she seized his arm to stay him; had he not caught her, she would have fallen. They stood motionless for a little time; then the man held out his hand. The woman grasped it; and slowly and unfalteringly they went together up the sandy way, and into the woods at the edge of the mountains. Until the trees hid them from sight, I watched them; the woman holding the man's hand that he might not slip, and the man stepping very firmly, lest, slipping, he bring hurt to the woman. Simple as the picture was, it was profoundly beautiful and impressive; and a Western man, old in years and rich in knowledge, to whom I described it, chose to consider it deeply symbolic of the pioneer life of the West.

As the boat pushed away from the shore, and continued on its course up the river between the mountainous coasts of Washington and Oregon, I said to the captain, who stood near, "Is there a path through the woods over there?"

"To the camp, where those two are going?" he replied. "No, there isn't any path; but that man can make one, all right."

Without a doubt, he could; and, remembering the woman who was with him, I believe, without a doubt, that he did.

Not very long ago one of my friends in Boston was showing me a priceless relic of the days of John Alden and Priscilla—a relic rather more of "the Mayflower of Plymouth," perhaps, than of the "fair-haired, taciturn stripling." My friend remarked upon this; and then she said: "Still, after all, the Pilgrim Mothers meant quite as much to America as the Pilgrim Fathers!" Who would question this? They meant very much to America, those pioneer women of that time; and these Pilgrim Mothers of the West, the pioneer women of this time, mean no less. So long as they go out into the wilderness, so long as they help make the trail, we need not fear for the West, for its present nor for its future. They are strong; and their strength they will give to their children; and the strength of these women is that which is "as the strength of ten," for their hearts are pure, and they are true and brave.

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Macedonian Realities

By George Lynch

"HONOR, duty, compassion, and, I must add, shame, are sentiments never in a state of coma." So wrote Mr. Gladstone in 1876; but, judging by what I have seen here every day for the past few weeks, and judging by the conduct and attitude of the European Powers, it would appear to me as if this statement were no longer true.

I know that I can use no better megaphone than The Outlook to reach the ears of those who may be regarded as the intellectual *élite* of the United States.

I do not believe that, if the actual state of things here were realized adequately, this unprotesting silence of the civilized nations would remain unbroken. People are prone to imagine that with the present-day demand for newspaper sensationalism the stories they hear from Macedonia may be only highly colored and gross exaggerations.

Untrue items of news have been published, as, for instance, the massacre of ten thousand people in Kastoria. Every one knows how in war time false rumors grow and spread, and Macedonia shuddering from an orgy of horrors is no exception. What I want to convey and emphatically state is that in the main there is no exaggeration in the accounts. The few items contradicted by the Turkish Consul in London give indirect evidence of the accuracy of the rest. It must be borne in on the mind of every observer here with overwhelming conviction that the Turks are bent on a policy of extirpation of the Christian population of Macedonia. It is nothing short of that. At a conservative estimate, forty-five thousand to fifty thousand people have already been killed in West Macedonia. Fifty thousand to sixty thousand refugees are at present in the mountain forests.

The important question is, What is to become of these latter? The winter is coming right upon us. Yesterday I was walking knee-deep in snow on the mountains. In that same snow I saw women and children plodding barefooted. These people dare not go down into the plains, and what is to be their fate during the winter? One cannot but admire the conduct of the Bulgarian people through this crisis. Their charity towards the fugitives who reach the frontier is limited only by extent of their limited means. The generosity, especially of the very poor, is simply wonderful. But what is to become of these poor people who cannot reach the frontier? I see nothing but famine before Macedonia, whatever the attempted solution adopted.

Little is expected of practical value from the message sent as the result of the meeting of the Emperors. If there were a governor and officials appointed directly responsible to the Powers, something might be hoped for, but not while the Turkish officials remain responsible to the Sultan, even with the onlooking supervision of Austrian and Russian inspectors. Surely the demands of the insurgents are sufficiently modest. It would be little to be wondered at if they would be satisfied with nothing less than the throwing off of Turkish rule, which they do not ask, instead of the mild installment of autonomy which they do ask. The Sultan will continue to go on humbugging Europe as he has done in the past. I give my word of honor that I have evidence that this campaign of extirpation has been directed from the Palace at Constantinople, and I have conclusive evidence of it which I will produce.

I was at the other side of the world at the time, but if memory and information serve me rightly, the United States insisted on the payment of a debt rightly owing by the Sultan. The United States showed it was not to be humbugged and the money was paid.

The Sultan is in debt again—this time to all the Christian nations of the world. Political interests pulling this way and that have paralyzed the European Powers into inaction. There are greater "interests" in this world than those of money. If I were an American, I would be glad to see the cannon-mouths of my ironclads sternly pleading for mercy.

Rila, Macedonia.

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Lord Alverstone

LORD ALVERSTONE is a large man, physically as well as mentally. In his youth he was a famous athlete, and his body remains as robust as his mind.

He is a Cambridge man, a graduate of Trinity College. As Richard Webster he rose to a foremost position at the English bar. In 1885 he was made Attorney-General, a position which he twice subsequently occupied. In 1893 he shared with Lord, then Sir, Charles Russell (who preceded him on the bench as Lord Chief Justice) the burden of prosecuting the British case in the Behring Sea arbitration, and in 1899 he was leading British counsel in the Venezuelan arbitration. His reward for these labors was a baronetcy. In 1900 Sir Richard Webster was made Master of the Rolls, and later in the year succeeded Lord Russell as Lord Chief Justice of England. On the occasion of this dignity he was elevated to the peerage as Baron Alverstone, and, of course, to a seat in the House of Lords.

Richard Webster did not reach these professional heights without sustaining the severest personal bereavements that can come to any man. First by the death of his wife, then by that of his only son, "Winterfold," his picturesque home in Surrey, with its galleries of carved oak and its tapestried walls, became a deserted and lonely home. Aside from hard work in his profession, his only solace seems to be in music. He is an accomplished organist, and has a singularly fine voice for singing; it is also well modulated in speaking.

As Lord Alverstone has long been known as "the most musical member" of the English bench, so one can say without exaggeration that he is also the most universally popular member. Personally the soul of honor, with simple, straightforward manners, he has added to his personal charm a conviction among his contemporaries that he has never permitted prejudice or feeling to influence his legal decisions.

Full of honors and influence as his life has been, it is doubtful whether all of them put together have been so significant in the world's eye as has been his experience within the past month and his striking decision, characteristic of his judicial-mindedness. As the third of the Anglo-Canadian members of the Alaska Adjudication Tribunal, Lord Alverstone's position was a peculiarly interesting and critical one. The other two members on the British side were Canadians, and were known to be prejudiced in favor of their own case. As an ardent Imperialist, Lord Alverstone's own prepossessions would naturally lean toward the Canadian view. The aim of the adjudication was to win a member of the opposing side to the favorable consideration either of the American or of the Canadian claims. Lord Alverstone quickly saw that the Canadian interpretation of the Russo-British Treaty of 1825 (defining the present boundary of Alaska) was untenable, and the consequent merits of the American claims. Before the case was adjourned he took occasion publicly to compliment the American counsel. Although some observers felt that this indicated a leaning toward the American side rather than toward the Canadian side, there was a general surprise, in this country, and of course an equal gratification, when finally it was officially announced that the Americans had won the case with the exception of a very minor point which could be regarded in this country as a negligible quantity. Of course the case could only be won by the admission of one of the British Commissioners that the Americans had the stronger arguments, and the particular British Commissioner was Lord Alverstone.

Some years ago an Anglo-American adjudication was proposed. Half of its members were to be Americans of high position and half citizens of Great Britain of equal rank. But the proposal was opposed by those in both countries who believed that not even on the bench could an American or British subject be found able to resist the probably unreasonable upholding of the supposed interests of his own land,

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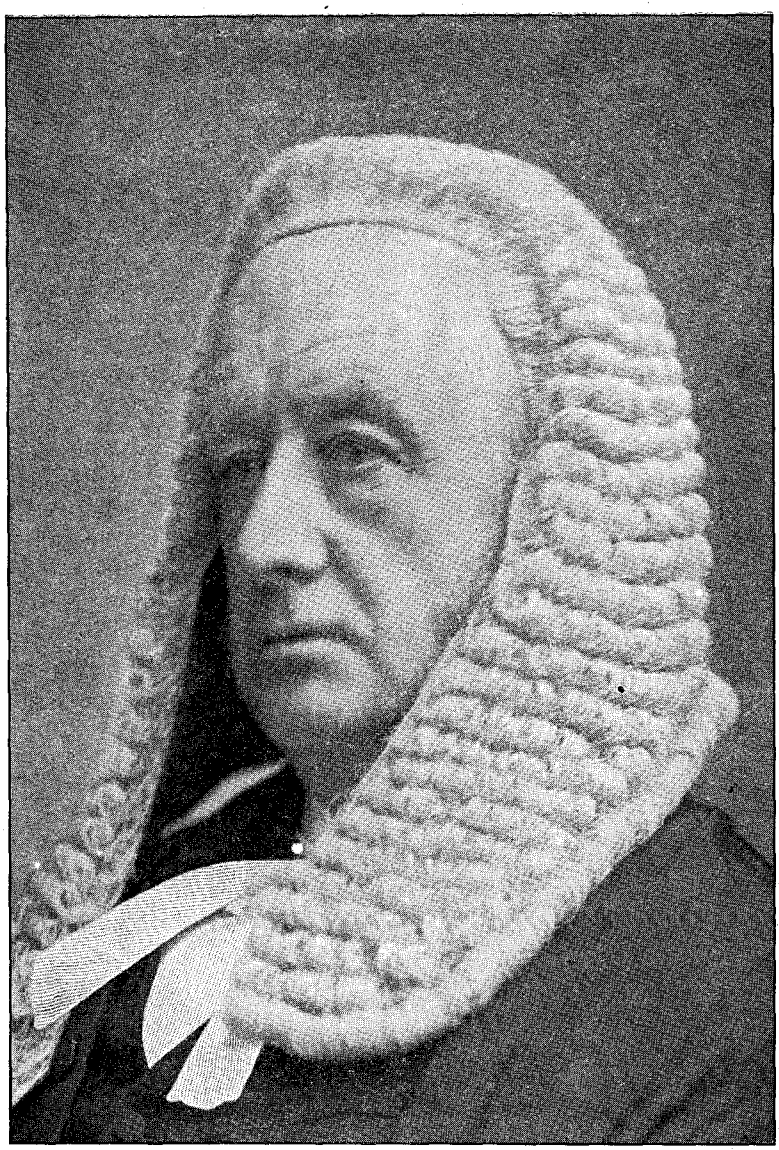

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LORD ALVERSTONE, CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND

By whose decision the settlement of the Alaskan controversy was determined.

no matter how cogent the appeals might be which would be made to his instinct for justice or for an equitable settlement. Lord Alverstone has now given impressive refutation to such an assumption. He shows that not only is arbitration possible as a peaceful means of terminating international friction, but, in certain cases, adjudication. While it must have been with deep regret that Lord Alverstone was obliged to take sides against the claim of his own country's colony, he decided as he did only because he saw that no other course was open to a conscientious jurist. By following the dictates of conscience the decision of one man has emphasized international justice as it has never before been emphasized, and he himself becomes a world-figure, a man whose place in history is assured by one great act.

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The Consequences of the Alaskan Boundary Award

From a Canadian Point of View[1]

By Francis H. Turnock

Formerly Editor of the Winnipeg "Telegram"

THE award of the Alaskan Boundary Commission is likely to be a turning-point in Canadian history. It may have momentous consequences for the British Empire. In Canada the award has been received with bitterness. It is a bitterness more sullen than clamorous. It is a bitterness which is most keenly felt by those who have been most loyal to British connection.

The award has not come altogether as a surprise. From the time the composition of the arbitration tribunal was announced, there was a general feeling either that the Commission would disagree or that the award would go against Canada. The latter was feared by most people. This feeling did not arise from any consciousness of weakness in Canada's case. It was recognized that none of the three American representatives would decide against the United States' contention. Two of them were publicly strongly committed in favor of it; political considerations, it was believed, would almost certainly prevent the other from favoring the Canadian claims. There was no hope, therefore, of a majority of the Commission being secured in favor of the Canadian contention. But there was a fear that the British representative on the Commission would, for the purpose of preserving friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States, be swayed by political rather than judicial considerations and give the benefit of the doubt to the United States rather than to Canada.

The expected has happened; and if there is little disappointment, there is yet much resentment in the hearts of Canadians.

Canada's resentment is not so much against the United States as against Great Britain. Canada did not look for any generosity from the United States. She knew, from past experience in diplomatic dealings with her southern neighbor, that the Republic would insist on its pound of flesh. She could not blame the Washington Government for taking advantage of every legitimate means to secure what it conceived to be its rights. But, at the same time, she had hoped, if she did not expect, that the British Government would be equally strenuous in the maintenance of Canada's interests.

For this hope she had, indeed, but little encouragement from past experience. She had suffered so much from British diplomacy in the past. Great Britain, according to Canadian opinion, has consistently sacrificed Canadian interests for the purpose of conciliating the United States. When Canadians look at the map, and see the State of Maine jutting up into their territory, rendering most difficult and circuitous their access to winter ports on the Atlantic unless by means of United States railways, they are moved to indignation at Britain's folly in entering into the Ashburton Treaty. When they see the "northwest angle" of the Lake of the Woods intruding the American flag into the center of the Dominion, they are filled with a similar sentiment. When they see the southern boundary of the Dominion between Superior and the Pacific following the forty-ninth parallel and depriving them of a large portion of the States of Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Washington, which, they contend, had Britain insisted on her rights, would to-day be Canadian territory, they cannot help feeling a throb of anger. When they consider how much more than was conceded by the Treaty of Washington would have been sacrificed by the Brit-

[1] See editorial comment on another page.

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ish representatives but for the protests of the Canadian Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald; when they think of Britain's supineness in the matter of the Atlantic fisheries; when they reflect on her indifference in the matter of the Behring Sea sealing dispute—they cannot stifle a feeling of resentment. And now once again Britain has sacrificed them. Once more she has been as a broken reed, piercing the hand of those that trusted in her. She has consented to a large and most valuable section of Canada being cut off from access to the Pacific. She has made the Yukon Eldorado tributary to a United States port. She has given the United States two islands of the highest strategic importance commanding Port Simpson, Canada's most northerly Pacific port, which is to be the terminus of Canada's new transcontinental railway, and which is destined to be the entrepôt of a great trade with the Orient. "It's too bad! It's too bad!" mutter even the loyalest of Canadians.

Former sacrifices of Canada's interests on this continent by Great Britain Canadians have endeavored to forgive and forget. Many of these mistakes were made when the British provinces on this continent were scattered and disunited, and when the value of the territory given away was not adequately appreciated even by British subjects on this side of the Atlantic. But it was hoped that a new era had now dawned. It was hoped that the importance of the colonies, and especially of the Dominion of Canada, was now more appreciated by the people and statesmen of Britain. It was hoped that the moral and material assistance Canada had given Great Britain in the Boer War was gratefully remembered. It was hoped that the tariff preference of 33⅓ per cent. which Canada had freely granted Britain would not be forgotten when Britain had an opportunity of doing something for Canada in return for the favor. But these hopes were vain hopes. Canada has been shown that her efforts to build up a strong bulwark for the Empire on this continent and her sacrifices in the interests of Imperial solidarity are utterly unappreciated by Britain. Britain, as of yore, Canadians complain, has sacrificed the interests of her oldest, her greatest, and her loyalest colony, out of a fawning desire to placate a former colony that revolted from her, which has since bitterly warred with her, which cherishes no love for her, and which is to-day her most powerful rival.

It is not merely their betrayal by Lord Alverstone which irritates Canadians. The events which have led up to that betrayal, and which make the Alverstone decision appear in the light of a predetermined arrangement, greatly intensify that irritation. The folly of Great Britain in ever giving a strip along the Pacific coast to Russia, and the looseness with which British diplomacy allowed the Treaty of St. Petersburg to be drawn, are not now in question—though they are regretted. The shortsightedness of Britain in not acquiring Alaska and the coast strip from Russia, instead of allowing the United States to do so, is also not in question—though it is deplored. But Canadians are indignant at the failure of Great Britain to secure a settlement of the boundary dispute safeguarding Canada's interests, when there have recently been excellent opportunities for doing so. At the time of the Spanish-American War Britain's friendship was a matter of the greatest importance to the United States. It is now known that Britain, at that time, took action which practically prevented a European alliance against the United States. For these services, Canadians contend, Great Britain might surely have arranged a settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute which would at least have given Canada access from the Pacific to the Yukon. On a later occasion, when the United States was most anxious to secure the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and the concessions in regard to Nicaragua which the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty subsequently gave, Great Britain, Canadians urge, might have made her consent contingent upon a settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute which would have satisfied the reasonable desires of Canada. But Britain neglected these diplomatic opportunities of protecting the interests of Canada. It looks to Canadians very

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much as though Canada had been deliberately sacrificed by Britain as the price of United States neutrality during the Boer War. Had Great Britain not intended to sacrifice Canada, the British Government, Canadians argue, would surely never have consented to submit the question to a Commission constituted as the Alaskan Boundary Commission was constituted. If a real arbitration was desired, there would not only have been an equal number of representatives of each party to the dispute, but an independent outsider would have been added. Canada refused, when the proposal was made by the United States representatives on the Joint High Commission, to submit the dispute to a Commission of six, consisting of three jurists from each nation. Canada still more strongly protested when she found that the jurists appointed by the United States were, in her opinion, not impartial jurists, and had committed themselves in advance upon the question in dispute. She proposed a submission of the matter to the Hague Tribunal, as an evidence of her desire for a fair arbitration; but the British Government paid no heed to her proposals or her protests, and concluded the treaty regardless of her wishes. The British Government has forced Canada into accepting what Canada has protested against as a packed jury, and the object in doing so is now apparent. Britain wished to cloak her contemplated sacrifice of Canada's interests under the guise of a judicial decision, and conceived that the surrender would appear less flagrant if made through Lord Alverstone instead of through the British Ambassador at Washington. The Hague Tribunal, or any other independent court of arbitration, would not have lent itself to a diplomatic arrangement of this kind. In Canadian eyes, the surrender of Canada's rights has been absolute; it is not even a pretense at a compromise. A reasonable compromise would doubtless have been accepted by Canada. The mountainous territory in the disputed district was not of the highest importance to Canada. But it was important to Canada to secure a Canadian port on or in the neighborhood of the Lynn Canal, in order to give her access to the Yukon; and it was important that the entrance to Port Simpson should not be commanded by the guns of a foreign Power. Had these concessions been secured, Canada might have acquiesced in the abandonment of the rest of her claims. But Britain has not secured a single concession for her—the abandonment has been utter and heartless.

The callousness, the selfishness, and the bad faith with which Canadians consider Britain has treated Canada in this matter will long rankle in the breasts of Canadians. It is bound to affect Canada's destiny. What the ultimate outcome may be, it is perhaps too early yet to predict. But it will sensibly loosen the tie which binds Canada to Great Britain. It will quench the spirit of Imperialism which has for some time been growing in Canada in spite of much discouragement from Great Britain. Canadians now realize how little their services in the cause of the Empire have been appreciated. They will be in no particular hurry to raise contingents for another South African war. They will not be particularly anxious to continue a tariff preference which is, apparently, not worth a thank-you. In spite of this preference, they have seen Great Britain refuse to remove her unjust embargo against Canadian cattle; they have seen her refuse to relax her corn tax in favor of Canadian wheat; they have seen Mr. Joseph Chamberlain forced out of office because he has advocated a British preference in favor of colonial produce, and they have marked the strenuous and obstinate opposition which his campaign in support of that policy has evoked. While Britain is thus sacrificing Canada's interests and showing her indifference to Canada's sacrifices on behalf of the Empire, the British Government is urging on Canada that she contribute to the cost of maintaining the British army and navy. Such was the proposition placed before the Canadian representatives at the last Colonial Conference. The Alaskan boundary award has certainly killed any prospect of Canada's assenting to any such proposition. Since it is now abundantly clear that—as

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Goldwin Smith puts it—Great Britain will never go to war for anything on this side of the Atlantic, why should Canadians contribute to the cost of Imperial defense? Great Britain may think she has scored a diplomatic triumph in conciliating the United States. She may yet find that the alienation of her chief colony was a tremendous price to pay for that diplomatic triumph.

Probably one of the first results of the antagonistic feeling that Britain has aroused in Canada will be the withdrawal of the British preference, especially if Mr. Chamberlain's policy should be pronounced against at the forthcoming British elections. This would, naturally, be followed by an attempt to establish more favorable trade relations with the United States. That, however, will be a matter of a little time; for at the immediate present there is sufficient soreness against the United States to prevent Reciprocity being very popular. With the decadence of Imperialism will come the serious discussion of Canada's national future. If there is to be no federated empire, independence or annexation to the United States are the only other courses open. Naturally, the idea of annexation will not be popular at the present time—though many a Canadian has said in his wrath in discussing the boundary award, "We may as well go in for annexation, body and breeches, if Great Britain is going to allow us to be annexed piecemeal." Independence will be the idea to which Canadians will naturally first turn. The outcome much depends on the future attitude of the United States. There is no annexation sentiment in Canada to-day, although there was, to some extent, a dozen years ago. The United States killed what sentiment of that sort there was by attempting, as Canadians believed, to coerce and bully Canada. It is possible that, in considering what course would be best for Canada to take were once British connection dissolved, a party in favor of annexation might again arise in Canada. Were that so, the choice between independence and annexation would be decided very much by events, in connection with which the attitude of the United States would be a most important factor. It is at present, as has been said, impossible to forecast the outcome. What is at present certain is that there will be a strong reaction against Imperialism and a very pronounced manifestation of the fact that the tie binding Canada to Britain has been dangerously strained.

Montreal, Canada.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Around the World in the Sloop Spray. By Captain Joshua Slocum. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 215 pages. 50c., net.

School boys and girls will welcome this edition, abridged for school use, of Captain Joshua Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World," the very interesting account of his solitary three years' cruise of more than forty-six thousand miles.

Art Portfolio (The). The International Studio, New York.

This portfolio comprises a selection of fifteen of the choicest color plates from "The International Studio," a publication well known for the exceptional quality of its illustration. Each one of these plates is mounted on a card-mat ready for framing.

Backgrounds of Literature. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Illustrated. The Outlook Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 392 pages. $2, net.

In the seven papers included in this volume the attempt has been made to put behind a group of representative writers, chiefly poets, the background of landscape and of local or racial life which has given not only color and form, but in many cases substance, to the works of the authors who are made the subject of treatment. The volume contains a large number of very carefully printed photographs.

Bible and Babylon (The). By Eduard Koenig. Translated from the German by Charles E. Hay, D.D. The German Literary Board, Burlington, Iowa. 5×8 in. 64 pages. 40c.

This critique of the excessive claims for Babylonian origins of Old Testament religion advanced in Professor Delitzsch's famous lectures, "Babel und Bibel," is widely concurred in by learned scholars.

Billy Whiskers' Kids: A Sequel to "Billy Whiskers." By Frances Trego Montgomery. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 7½×9¼ in. 134 pages. $1.

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Biblical Encyclopedia. By James Comper Gray and Rev. George M. Adams, D.D. Vol. IV. The New Testament. F. M. Barton, Cleveland, Ohio. 6½×9½ in. 760 pages.

For the uses stated on the title-page, as above, this work will often be helpful. Where accurate knowledge is sought, it is quite inadequate. The Revised Version, either in text or margin, sometimes goes beyond it, and its treatment of Scripture is often uncritical. To say that Christians generally and the great modern philosophers regard human language as having been "revealed from heaven" (p. 566) is to take a liberty with modern readers that requires rebuke.

Blake Redding: A Boy of To-day. By Natalie Rice Clark. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 301 pages. $1, net.

"Blake Redding" is a pleasant story of New England school boys and girls, who move in an atmosphere created by a mingling of interests athletic and historical, with each of which the hero is of course closely involved.

Bret Harte. By Henry W. Boynton. (Contemporary Men of Letters Series.) McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 117 pages.

The initial volume in the Contemporary Men of Letters Series, of which Mr. William A. Bradley is to be the editor, is an admirable piece of condensed biographical writing. It is a portrait drawn in outline with a firm hand, with sufficient detail to make the features distinct, but with resolute separation of all matters which do not conduce to that end. Under three heads—Life, Personality, Work—Mr. Boynton succeeds in conveying a coherent impression of Bret Harte. It is not altogether a pleasant impression. The book is notable for its extreme frankness. Mr. Boynton, as readers of the "Atlantic Monthly" know, is one of the best-equipped, most capable critics now writing in this country. His judgment is very little deflected by local influences. He is conscientious, discriminating, and, at his best, a wholly dispassionate critic, with a slight tendency to a very mild kind of cynicism which shows itself in two or three passages in this book. His judgment of Bret Harte is cool, critical, a little unsympathetic. This is not a final word about Bret Harte, and yet it is pre-eminently a truthful study which Mr. Boynton gives us, far and away the best that has yet come to us, and delightful reading after a mass of uncritical, gushing, sentimental biography.

Canterbury Tales (The). By Geoffrey Chaucer. (Astor Edition of Poets.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 367 pages. 60c.

The chief feature of this excellent one-volume reprint in the Astor Edition of Poets is an extended introduction by Professor Lounsbury, of Yale—one of the first authorities in the world on Chaucer—and a carefully prepared glossarial index.

Complete Works of Edmund Spenser (The). With an Introduction by William P. Trent. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 899 pages. $2.

This substantial volume of nearly a thousand pages is printed from small but very clear type on thin paper, but opaque enough to serve the purpose, which is to bring Spenser's voluminous work between the pages of a single volume of moderate compass. The text includes all Spenser's poetical and prose works, with a discriminating and thoroughly intelligent introduction by Professor William P. Trent, a comment on Spenser's language and meters, and a brief biography of the poet by Mr. J. Walker McSpadden.

Child's Book of Knowledge (The). By Harry Rountree. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8½×12 in. 103 pages. $1.50.

Christmas Wreath (A). By Richard Watson Gilder. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 6¼×6 in. 39 pages. $1.40, net.

Coventry Boy (The). By Forrest Crissey. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 300 pages. $1.50, net.

To Mr. Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy" and other real boy-books the present volume should now be added. It is a volume which will appeal to old as well as young. It is realistic enough to suit the boy; it is thoughtful enough to suit the adult.

David, the Hero-King of Israel. By Rev. W. J. Knox Little, M.A. **Abraham and the Patriarchal Age.** By Rev. Professor Duff, D.D., LL.D. (The Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5½ in. 30c. each.

There could not be a greater difference than appears between these two volumes of the present series. The editor of "Abraham" gives the most advanced results of historical criticism in brief and convenient outline. The editor of "David" gives merely the traditional story.

Dr. Lavendar's People. By Margaret Deland. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 370 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Don Quixote. By Miguel de Cervantes. Translated by John Ormsby. Edited by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly. In 4 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×7 in. $3.

These four small volumes, with frontispieces and rubricated titles, present the Ormsby text of "Don Quixote," with notes by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, a well-known English authority on Cervantes. The great work of Cervantes is here presented in very moderate compass without abridgment. Each volume is prefaced by an illustration, the first having a portrait of Cervantes after Pecheco.

Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation (The). Written by the Venerable Bede. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 392 pages.

This is a reprint in one volume of one of the early monumental works of English literature, first printed in English in 1643. The text of the present translation by Dr. Giles was published in 1840 and was a revised version of the Stevens edition which appeared in 1723.

Essay-Writing for Schools. By L. Cope Cornford. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 309 pages. $1, net.

This is attractive to American teachers of a difficult subject, as showing how it is pre-

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sented to "boys and girls," evidently well-grown ones, in English schools. It certainly aims high, and is quite suggestive.

Faces Toward the Light. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D. The Vir Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 4¾×7½ in. 310 pages. $1, net.

This book comprises a collection of short and suggestive chapters and paragraphs, devotional and strongly evangelical.

Faerie Queene (The). By Edmund Spenser. (Astor Edition of Poets.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 582 pages. 60c.

To this reprint in the Astor Edition of one of the most beautiful of English long poems Professor William P. Trent contributes an introduction and J. Walker McSpadden a biography.

Ferns: A Manual for the Northeastern States. By Campbell E. Waters. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 7×10½ in. 362 pages. $3, net.

This attractive volume will appeal first because of its two hundred remarkably fine illustrations from original drawings and photographs; secondly, it will appeal—if not so much to the popular reader, certainly to the scientific student—because of its clear, concise, and apparently authoritative text. We should say that the book ought to take a leading place among treatises on ferns. The author has had many years' experience in field and herbarium study. With half a dozen exceptions, he has specimens of every species and variety described in his book. Hence the work is not a mere compilation from others; it embraces the results of very personal and particular observation.

Finger of God (The). By Rev. T. H. Wright. Andrew Melrose, London. 5¼×8 in. 201 pages.

Mr. Wright's design may be concisely described as an attempt to close the breach between the old apologetic, which employed the miracles of Jesus as evidences for the Christian religion, and the new apologetic, which bases belief in his miracles upon the divine grandeur of his personality. Holding the latter to be the "safer" view, Mr. Wright holds the former to be true in so far as belief in Jesus' miracles may strengthen faith in him when found. On one side he makes large concessions to the scientific critic. Enlarged conceptions of the possibilities involved in the latent powers of human nature tend to narrow the realm of miracle. On the other side, referring to the nature-miracles, *e.g.* the stilling of the storm, he returns to the old path: "Are we to believe that the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ could be baffled before a tempest which was the manifestation of His own energy?" etc. To those who cannot camp within the old lines, but are not quite ready to quit them, this book gives an alternative to the line taken in Dr. Whiton's recent book, "Miracles and Supernatural Religion," with whose definition of the supernatural it is in substantial accord.

Golden Fetich (The). By Eden Phillpotts. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 362 pages. $1.50.

This is a book for boys and lovers of tales of adventure. A marvelous treasure of jewels is found and lost in Central Africa; the hero discovers a fetich taken from a dead savage by a soldier; it has in it a letter written by the original finder of the gems, telling where they are, and a golden plate which turns out to be a talisman giving the holder supreme power over the tribe now holding the gems. Of course the hero organizes an expedition, and this is its story. One does not expect any serious literary effort in such a tale, even from Mr. Phillpotts's pen, nor must one strain too much at improbabilities. The author has evidently made a careful study of what an expedition into the interior of Africa must do and see, and has made good use of it, apart from the sensational plot.

Golliwogg's Circus (The). Verses by Bertha Upton. Pictures by Florence K. Upton. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 10½×8½ in. 64 pages. $1.50, net.

Harvesters (The). By Aubrey Lanston. R. H. Russell, New York. 5×7½ in. 307 pages. $1.50.

This rather unusual story of married lovers gives an unpleasant picture of English manners and morals in the latter days of George Third's reign, when the dissolute Prince of Wales in more ways than one led the fashions of the times.

Heart of Rome (The): A Tale of the Lost Water. By Francis Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Hesper. By Hamlin Garland. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 445 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Hamlin Garland's book is a vigorous tale of a miners' strike and resulting war and siege. The scene is a newly founded settlement of gold-miners on a Rocky Mountain peak. Mr. Garland is at his best in showing us the miner and the cowboy as they are, without the glamour of romance, sturdy, rough, and reckless, with here and there a man of early culture and strong character. The incidents of the "war" are exciting, but not at all improbable when we remember the reports of actual occurrences not so long ago. One does not care much for the haughty Eastern girl compelled to endure rough life for the sake of her invalid brother—a capital little chap, with his camera and sketch-book, all afire to get wild Western "material" for picture and story. And, oh! how do Mr. Garland's heroines stand the ponderous, point-blank, stodgy compliments with which his men continually bombard them!

How to Study Kreutzer. By Benjamin Cutter. Illustrated. The Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 56 pages.

This slender volume is a technical study for violinists of the art of mastery of bowings and fingerings laid down by Kreutzer himself.

Hunting of the Snark and Other Poems (The). By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by Peter Newell. Harper & Bros., New York. 6×9 in. 248 pages. $3, net.

Mr. Peter Newell, whose genius has already strikingly lent itself to the illustration of

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Lewis Carroll's immortal "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass," has now successfully pictured the "Hunting of the Snark and Other Poems." The edition is a sumptuous one and will specially appeal to those who like to have every page of text accompanied by illustrated borders. To us, however, Mr. Newell's clever full-page illustrations would seem to be abundantly sufficient in themselves.

Hetty Wesley. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 337 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

In African Forest and Jungle. By Paul Du Chaillu. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 193 pages. $1.50, net.

Another volume of this famous traveler's adventures in the "Dark Continent" is sure of a welcome from the young readers who delight in the friendly natives, trained monkeys, mandrils, gorillas, and other strange animals to be met in Mr. Du Chaillu's pages.

India Rubber Jack. By W. C. F. Richardson. Illustrated in Color. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 3×5½ in. 123 pages. 50c.

Inland Voyage (An). By Robert Louis Stevenson. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 4½×6½ in. 235 pages. $1.25.

This is the latest volume in a very attractive reprint of Stevenson's "Essays and Travels" which is to appear in seven volumes, four of which have already been issued. These reprints are admirable pieces of tasteful book-making, small, but presenting the text in a very clear type on excellent quality of paper, and bound simply but in good taste.

In Old Plantation Days. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 307 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Dunbar has here given us a score or more of lifelike sketches of the people of his own race. The illustrations present the various negro types with equal fidelity to truth.

Jewish Encyclopædia (The): A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Prepared by more than Four Hundred Scholars and Specialists, under the Direction of the following Editorial Board: Cyrus Adler, Ph.D.; Gotthard Deutsch, Ph.D.; Richard Gottheil, Ph.D.; Emil G. Hirsch, Ph.D., LL.D.; Joseph Jacobs, B.A.; Isidore Singer, Ph.D.; and Others. Vol. V. Dreyfus-Brisac—Goat. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 7¼×11 in. 686 pages.

The character and range of this scholarly work have already been amply noticed in our columns. The present volume contains many important articles, among which may be specified those on Genesis and Exodus. In these the divergent views of critics are presented by Rabbi Jacob, of Göttingen, Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, and Professor Driver, of Oxford. Rabbi Jacob goes so far as to repudiate the "source theory" of Genesis, while holding that Abraham and the patriarchs are "idealized personifications of the people, its tribes and families." Among other noteworthy articles are those on Egypt, Eschatology, and Ethics.

Jesuits in Great Britain (The): An Historical Inquiry into their Political Influence. By Walter Walsh, F.R.Hist.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 358 pages. $3, net.

That the Society of Jesus has an ill name in English history since the time of Queen Elizabeth, all students of that history are aware. The present exhibition of the grounds of its evil fame seems to have been occasioned by the recent progress of Roman Catholicism in that country. Much material, either new or not generally known, is brought out as a "record of Jesuit deception, trickery, sedition, treason, and crime in Great Britain." For corroboration the author makes large use of Roman Catholic authorities, one of whom, Father Taunton, in his recent "History of the Jesuits in England," severely castigates them.

John Mark. By Rev. James D. Hunter, D.D. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7½ in. 113 pages. 75c.

Jo's Boys, and How They Turned Out. By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 358 pages. $2.

This is a reprint of one of Miss Alcott's most characteristic boys' stories, now nearly twenty years old, but likely to be read, by reason of its freshness, its sympathy with boyhood, and its interesting style, for as many years more.

Joy and Power: Three Messages with One Meaning. By Henry van Dyke. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 75 pages. 75c., net.

This beautifully made book, printed at the Merrymount Press, contains three sermons by Dr. Henry van Dyke, one on "Joy and Power," which made a deep impression when it was preached at the opening of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Los Angeles last May; one on "The Battle of Life," which was delivered as a Baccalaureate sermon at Princeton, June 7; and a third on "The Good Old Way," which was preached as a Baccalaureate sermon at Harvard, June 14. They are all contained in this volume because, as Dr. van Dyke says, "they point in the same direction, urge the same course of action, and appeal to the same motive." They are short, practical, clearly thought out, profoundly religious sermons put into the admirable language which Dr. van Dyke always has at command.

Lieutenant Under Washington (A). By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.20.

Boys always like their fiction in series, for some mysterious reason; and there have been few better series of boys' books than Dr. Tomlinson's Revolutionary stories. This tale carries on the characters of "Under Colonial Colors," but is complete in itself. It is exciting but not feverish, patriotic but not hysterical. A bold young officer, a crafty old trapper, and a plotting traitor are the chief figures. The action reaches from the battle of Brandywine to the Valley Forge campaign.

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Life and Labour of the People in London. By Charles Booth, Assisted by Jesse Argyle, George Askell, Ernest Aves, George H. Duckworth, and Esme Howard. (Second Series.) Industry. In 5 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. $2 per volume.

Reserved for later notice.

Life of William Ewart Gladstone (The). By John Morley. In 3 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. $10.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Maisie and Her Dog Snip in Fairyland. By Bennet Musson. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 7×8¾ in. 165 pages. $1.30, net.

This story is for children who have already passed the kindergarten age. Although it relates a little girl's adventures in fairyland, with the usual gnomes, giants, dwarfs, and fairies, the modern spirit pervades it; and the story ends as the fairies vanish into thin air at the sight of an electric car bearing down upon them at full speed. There are several attractive full-page illustrations and appropriate marginal drawings.

Making a Start. By Tudor Jenks. (Good Time Series.) Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 128 pages. 50c.

A plain, sensible account of the success of a good-tempered, honest, but not brilliant lad in finding his place and work and forming himself into a self-reliant man. He becomes a newspaper artist—not, one rejoices to say, by miracle, as happens in more than one recent novel—but by hard work and seizing opportunity by the forelock, when it comes in the form of floods and railway wrecks. Even the pictures he sells are described as crude but creditable—at least half of which description would apply to the pictures in this book.

Methodists (The). By John Alfred Faulkner, D.D. (The Story of the Churches.) The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 264 pages. $1, net.

As a brief narrative for popular use this is a good companion to preceding volumes of the series.

Millennial Dawn. Vol. I. **The Plan of the Ages.** (1,020th Thousand.) The Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, Allegheny, Pa. 5×7½ in. 356 pages.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice. (Holiday Edition.) Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7½ in. $2 per vol.

These books abundantly deserve their excellent appearance in this charming holiday edition, and their many friends will welcome them in a new form and accompanied by some rather interesting illustration.

Money and Credit. By Wilbur Aldrich. (Revised Edition.) The Grafton Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 199 pages.

Money, Banking, and Finance. By Albert S. Bolles, Ph.D., LL.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×8 in. 336 pages.

More Five-Minute Stories. By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 159 pages.

These "Five-Minute" sketches, adapted to all seasons, include a little girl's visit to the poet Longfellow, and appropriately end with a little Christmas play set to airs from "The Mikado," "Patience," and "Pinafore." The illustrations add to the text.

My Four Religious Teachers: Charles G. Finney, David Hawley, Elias R. Beadle, and Horace Bushnell. By H. Clay Trumbull. The Sunday-School Times Co., Philadelphia. 6×9 in. 128 pages. $1.

Nearly half of this volume is occupied with reminiscences of Horace Bushnell, both fresh and valuable.

My Old Maid's Corner. By Lillie Hamilton French. The Century Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 227 pages. $1, net.

The keynote of this little book is cheerfulness; and when, in addition to sane, sunny, helpful talk, we find clear print and artistic binding, we have a book that is a desirable one to own rather than to borrow.

New Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges. Edited by J. B. Greenough, A. A. Howard, G. L. Kittredge, and Benjamin L. D'Ooge. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 490 pages.

Northern Mythology. By Friedrich Kauffmann The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 106 pages. 40c.

This concise and handy little manual includes the Germanic as well as the Scandinavian mythology.

Novels, Poems, and Memories of Charles Kingsley. (Library Edition.) **Yeast: A Problem. Poems.** The J. F. Taylor Co., New York. 5½×8 in. $2 per vol.

Old Quebec: The Fortress of New France. By Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 486 pages. $3.75, net.

This is a book to place on the shelf alongside Parkman's works. It is true that more vivid and more enduring memories cling to Quebec than to any other city in the Western Hemisphere. This is specially true of that picturesque period from the days of Jacques Cartier and Francis the First to the days when, as we are told, not by fault or folly or by lack of courage of the people, but by the criminal corruption of the ruling few, the lands about Quebec passed to another race. The many years of that early period of the history of Quebec were also the history of a far vaster region than that which we now know as Quebec. The fortress on the St. Lawrence was indeed the heart of French enterprise in the New World. From the Castle of Quebec political and administrative mandates went forth to be obeyed in distant Louisiana, and from Quebec a web of religious missions spread which embraced the Saguenay lands on the east and Lake Superior on the west. In American history, whether of Canada, the United States, Mexico, or South America, there have been no more picturesque or inspiring figures than those pioneers of France, Champlain, Frontenac, La Salle, and the others who transplanted political and religious ideas from the Old World to the New. About them and their work we are informed in vivid phrase by the always interesting text of this valuable volume and also by much graphic illustration.

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On the Threshold of Central Africa: A Record of Twenty Years' Pioneering Among the Barotsi of the Upper Zambesi. By François Coillard. Translated from the French by Catherine Winkworth Mackintosh. Illustrated. (Second Edition.) The American Tract Society, New York. 5½×8½ in. 663 pages. $2.50.

A translation of M. Coillard's work on Central Africa has now appeared, a record of his many years' pioneering among the natives of the Upper Zambesi. M. Coillard tells us that his volume is not a systematic history of his own career. His book is made up of scattered leaves, collected at the advice of friends, from the pages of the "Journal des Missions Evangéliques." The publication of this book has, first of all, a definite religious value, but its value to ethnologists is, we think, quite as great.

On the We-a Trail. By Caroline Brown. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 351 pages. $1.50.

On this trail were the forts on the Wabash in what was known as the "great wilderness," now the great State of Indiana. English, French, Indians, and Americans struggled for their possession, and Clark's capture of the forts is one of the most dramatic episodes in American history, one moreover that lends itself admirably to fiction. Time, place, and circumstances abound in romance. There is nothing really improbable in the sad and strange story of the pioneer's daughter, whose family are slaughtered by Indians, who makes a marvelous escape aided by a *coureur de bois*, and in her agony loses memory of her past and her lover. The author puts fire and force into her narrative and abstains from overdrawn sentiment and sensation. The romance moves; the people are alive.

Over the Border. By Robert Barr. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 400 pages. $1.50.

The ill-fated Strafford is for a time the central figure in this semi-historical romance, which is well constructed, but not written in a notably spirited or inspiring manner. Strafford, it appears from this story, had twin children by an early secret marriage (Mr. Barr marries him four times), and one of the twins, a girl, suddenly reveals herself, much to his surprise (he had never heard of her existence), just before his downfall. Her adventures and those of her lover, who carries a message and commission from the King to Scotland and comes back to defy Cromwell to his face, make up the plot. Cromwell himself is made to appear grandiloquent, stagy, and garrulous. The merit of the book is in its lively action.

Phœnixiana, or Sketches and Burlesque. By John Phœnix. (New Edition.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 332 pages. $2.

This new edition of the work of one of the earlier and most characteristic American humorists is timely and will be welcomed by many people who have been interested in John Phœnix, but have found it difficult to get his work in any even form. It is almost half a century since "Phœnixiana" was first given to the world. Many humorists have come and gone since that day, several of them men of genius, but among them all there has been no one who has in a broader and more genial way illustrated the fundamental qualities of American humor, its optimism, its breadth of contrast, its geniality, and, above all, its lack of reverence for mere conventions. Mr. John Kendrick Bangs contributes an introduction to this volume, and Mr. Kemble furnishes a series of illustrations which are quite in the spirit of "Phœnixiana."

Poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary (The). Edited by Katharine Lee Bates. (Astor Edition of Poets.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 482 pages. 60c.

This volume, recently added to the Astor Edition of Poets, contains the material which formerly appeared in four volumes, published in 1850, '52, '54, and '55, and presents the collected writings of the Cary sisters in full, in the order of their first appearance, but with the revisions of the authors. The original text has been reproduced with careful correction of faults of proof-reading and of punctuation. Miss Bates has prepared such foot-notes as are necessary to explain the references in the poems, and has written a thirty-page introduction both appreciative and critical.

Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Contributions to "Punch," etc. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 427 pages. $1.

This volume completes one of the most attractive and in some respects the most convenient edition of Thackeray which has appeared. The books, of which there are thirty in number, are of small size, of very light weight, but printed from a large, clear type, and abounding in excellent characteristic illustrations from the hand of Mr. Brock. The volumes are bound in green and are sold at so low a price as to bring this master of the art of fiction within reach of purchasers of the most moderate means.

Protean Papers. By William Dudley Foulke. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 197 pages. $1.

This is an entertaining series of papers on miscellaneous topics, from "My Dog" to "University Education." It is a good book, not only for the leisure hour, but for study of the fine art of expression in agreeable literary form.

Recollections Personal and Literary. By Richard Henry Stoddard. Edited by Ripley Hitchcock. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 333 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Relentless City (The). By E. F. Benson. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 306 pages, $1.50.

New York is the "relentless city." And of New York practically the only phase that the author of "Dodo" here presents is the vulgar extravagance of the newly rich multimillionaire people who court notoriety and spend their time in devising silly and spec-

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tacular displays. Such people there are in New York, no doubt; there are also others, but one would never suspect it from reading this book. At all events, Mr. Benson's novel gives evidence that he has actually been in New York, which is more than can be said of all English stories dealing with American life. There are some ludicrous slips, such as the phrase "War of Independence" when the Civil War is evidently meant, but, on the whole, the "local color" is fairly good. As usual with Mr. Benson's novels, the reader finds a good deal to irritate him and the ending is clumsy; but none the less the book holds the interest and is a clever piece of story-telling.

Reminiscences of an Astronomer. By Simon Newcomb. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 424 pages. $2.50, net. (Postage, 12c.)

Rarely does one light upon a book of this sort at once more entertaining and instructive than Professor Newcomb's. The history of scientific progress is, of course, always found in the biography of its promoters and leaders. Professor Newcomb's eminence is peculiarly interesting as that of a self-made man, but his references to himself are characterized by the modesty of devotion to his favorite science. These reminiscences possess a National interest as a record of American achievement in science, and a large personal interest in the intercourse which they record with men of mark and influence at home and abroad.

Saint Paul and the Ante-Nicene Church: An Unwritten Chapter of Church History. By Rev. Stewart Means, A.M., B.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8½ in. 349 pages. $2.

The cry so frequent in the modern Church, "Back to Christ," is virtually seconded in this thoughtful monograph: Back to St. Paul, as the truest expositor of the mind of Christ. There are portions of the Church that look to the Christian writings of the early centuries as truly developing the primary ideas and aims of the Apostles, especially of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. This fallacy Mr. Means corrects by an exhaustive comparison of the leading ideas of St. Paul's teaching with those of Church teachers during the two centuries following. So far from finding a development, he finds only a decline; in place of lofty idealism there succeeds legalism, ecclesiasticism, intellectualism. Not that the garb in which St. Paul sometimes clothed his thought deserved to survive; it was supplied by transient conditions, and limited to them; but its substance was for all time. The technical form must be distinguished from the great spiritual consciousness which it drapes of sonship to God in vital union with Christ—a union to which he appropriates the name of *faith*, a name of far lower import in Christian history. To this no heir appears in the Apostolic succession. "The work of re-establishing the highest and most clearly defined ideal for the actual man, and not the scholar or the theologian, remains still to be done." Mr. Means's pages bear the impress of a religious purpose, careful scholarship, and elevated thought, with the further value of being the only English monograph on this important subject.

Samuel Brohl and Company. Translated from the French of Victor Cherbuliez. The Ormeril Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 4¾×7½ in. 271 pages. $1.

This very entertaining story is by a French novelist who, while not possessed of the higher graces of style, had in an unusual degree the gift of story-telling.

Search of a Siberian Klondike (In). Narrated by Washington B. Vanderlip, and Herein set forth by Homer B. Hulbert. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 315 pages. $2, net. (Postage, 15c.)

Among the most interesting books on Northern exploration published in recent years have been Mr. Trevor-Battye's "Ice-Bound on Kolguev" and Mr. Jack's "The Great Frozen Land." The present volume will specially appeal to readers who have enjoyed the foregoing. Mr. Vanderlip's journey lay from Vladivostok to the island of Saghalien and up the Siberian coast via Kamchatka to North Bering Strait. The author's experiences differ from those of Mr. Harry de Windt in some interesting particulars. Mr. Vanderlip's journey, as related by Mr. Hulbert, is well worth reading. The reader's attention is closely held throughout.

Select Notes: A Commentary on the Sunday-School Lessons for 1904. By F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 353 pages. $1.25.

Six Fairy Plays for Children. By Netta Syrett. John Lane, New York. 5×6½ in. 166 pages.

These plays are charming. Graceful in plot and with a touch of mystery that enhances their interest, they will be welcomed by those seeking the entertainment of a group of young people in school or home, at any season of the year, for they are adapted to out-of-door performance as well as to indoor.

Strife of the Sea (The). By T. Jenkins Hains. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. $1.50.

Vivid sketches of the sea and its borders, its tragedies, singular phases, and tremendous forces, make up this volume. The warfare of sharks and whales, the desolate lot of the castaway, the life and adventures of "King Albicore" and of the "loggerhead" and of the Cape Horn penguins—these and a score other of things little known to landsmen give Mr. Hains material for a book which in its interest is somewhat like Mr. Bullen's books. Every one who cares at all for sea yarns will like these stories immensely, for they have imaginative power as well as curious ocean-lore. Some of the pictures are studies in distortion.

Surprising Adventures of the Man in the Moon (The). By Ray M. Steward. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 7½×10 in. 142 pages. $1, net.

This is a tale of a remarkable tour over land and sea taken by the Man in the Moon with such interesting companions as Santa Claus,

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Robinson Crusoe, Cinderella, and Old Mother Hubbard. It will readily become a favorite with children. The illustrations in color are attractive and adequately supplement the text.

Structure of the Glands of Brunner (The). By Robert Russell Bensley. (Reprint from the Decennial Publications, First Series, Vol. X.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8½×11 in. 50 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

Tittlebat Titmouse. Abridged from Dr. Samuel Warren's Famous Novel, Ten Thousand a Year, by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated by Will Crawford. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8 in. 464 pages. $1.50.

Few novels were more widely read by our immediate ancestors than "Ten Thousand a Year," Dr. Samuel Warren's most successful venture in fiction. The son of a clergyman, educated at the University of Edinburgh, he fitted himself both for medicine and the law, devoting himself largely to literature and in later life to politics. One of his stories, "Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician," had great success at one time, but is now rarely mentioned. "Ten Thousand a Year" put his reputation on a substantial basis. It was published in three volumes sixty-two years ago, attracted instant attention, passed through many editions, and was translated into various languages. It was from the beginning much too long, and in this new edition it has been abridged so as to bring it within the limits of a single substantial volume, the abridgment consisting chiefly in the omission of long passages of purely descriptive matter, legal disquisitions, and didactic reflection with which the story was greatly overweighted. In its new form, with a change of name, the wisdom of which may be questioned, the story ought to find a new constituency of readers. The editorial work has been done by Cyrus Townsend Brady, and the illustrations have been furnished by Will Crawford.

Twelve Years in a Monastery. By Joseph McCabe. (Second Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 246 pages. $1.50.

This is a revised edition of a book that made a stir at its first appearance a few years since.

Two Little Savages. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 552 pages. $1.75, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Unreformed House of Commons (The): Parliamentary Representation Before 1832. By Edward Porritt, assisted by Annie G. Porritt. In 2 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6½×9½ in. $7.50.

A work of great scholarship upon the development of Parliamentary representation in all the divisions of the United Kingdom. In his preface the author states the remarkable fact that at least five-sevenths of the research necessary for the writing of these volumes on British and Irish affairs has been done in American libraries, "whose well-ordered and easily accessible wealth in all these departments must come as a pleasant surprise to an English student in the United States." The surprise of American readers of this statement will hardly be less than that of the English student who shares Mr. Porritt's experiences. The greater part of the work before us is of interest only to scholars, but the account of conditions in England during the half-century before the Reform Bill is of interest to all reformers. When we are tempted to despair about our own political abuses, such as are revealed in Delaware and Rhode Island, it is encouraging to recall that in 1807 fourteen hundred guineas a year were offered in an advertisement in the "Morning Post" for a seat in Parliament, and that during the next generation from five to six thousand pounds became the usual price for a seat to be held during the life of the purchaser. Yet even the purchase of seats seemed to reformers like Romilly to be less detestable than the only other method of entering Parliament, viz., as the dependent of some great lord. If the English democracy overthrew such a system of popular misrepresentation as this, American democracy may assuredly overthrow the lesser abuses now confronting it.

Ultimate Moment (The). By William R. Lighton. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7¾ in. 311 pages. $1.50.

Strong character-drawing distinguishes this book. It is a refreshing love story—time, the present; scene, Nebraska—of a young man and two young women, totally unlike. In the end the hero returns to the old farm and to the girl, of whom he could have said, as Ulysses said of Penelope, "She hath no art in loving but to love."

William Ellery Channing: His Messages from the Spirit. By Paul Revere Frothingham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 52 pages. 50c., net.

This noble commemoration was spoken the Sunday before the unveiling of Channing's statue in Boston last June.

With Flintlock and Fife: A Tale of the French and Indian Wars. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 356 pages. $1.20, net.

Dr. Tomlinson's books always have the merit of sound historical construction and of dignified literary treatment. Boys will be unquestionably interested in this new tale of the French and Indian War and the battle of Lake George in 1755. We understand that this is the first of a series of stories by Dr. Tomlinson devoted to colonial times, and we have no doubt that such a series will receive as cordial a welcome as have the books of the same author dealing with Revolutionary history.

World's Children. By Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. Adam & Charles Black, London. 6¼×9 in. 246 pages.

Yellow Van (The). By Richard Whiteing. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 379 pages. $1.50.

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Correspondence

Pension Inequalities

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The letter of H. L. Boltwood in The Outlook of October 10 has its answer, absolute or suggestive, in the report of the Commissioner of Pensions for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1903. By this report there are still five Revolutionary pensioners, three daughters and two widows, aged respectively eighty-nine and ninety years. After the legislation of 1820, making pensions depend on poverty, service-pension bills were passed till all survivors were pensionable, and, finally, in 1853, all widows of Revolutionary soldiers and sailors, without limitation as to time of marriage. In 1878 a service-pension bill was passed for the surviving soldiers and sailors of the War of 1812.

In 1887 a service-pension bill was passed for the soldiers who had served in the war with Mexico and their widows. In 1892 and 1902 similar provisions were made for those in various Indian wars.

The Commissioner, like some of his predecessors, has pointed out incongruities and remediable features. Under the general law the extremes are $8 and $30 a month; under the law of 1890, amended in 1900, minimum $6, maximum $12 per month, special provisions are made for larger pensions, up to $100 a month for the loss of both hands or both feet.

Special acts, naming the beneficiaries, are quite of interest. The Commissioner tabulates them with those under general law without revealing their individuality. All pensions above $100 a month are under these special acts. Their monthly rates translated into annual allowances are: one at $1,600; three at $2,000; one at $2,500; two at $5,000.

Congress has passed pension laws in response to a real or supposed demand from the people who elected the members, and to the constituencies, slow as the process may be, must be the resort for any great change of plan. It will be a campaign of education in which new wars may perhaps have an important part.

JAMES H. BLODGETT.

Washington, D. C.

A Southern Appalachian Reservation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

For more than ten summers it has been my good fortune to enjoy the Pemigewasset Wilderness, which lies in the heart of the White Mountains. What has been a region covered with a wild and beautiful forest is now rapidly becoming a desert. In some regions the lumberman has cut absolutely clean hard wood and soft, trees large and small. This process has been going on gradually for some years. Of late, however, the work of destruction has become exceedingly rapid. If any steps are to be taken toward staying the all-devouring ax, such steps must be taken at once.

Upon the recommendation of the National Bureau of Forestry there will be introduced at the next session of Congress a bill providing for a Southern Appalachian Reservation; and also, if the necessary data be obtained in time, a bill embodying the suggestions of both the New Hampshire State Commission and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, such a bill looking toward the purchase, as a natural forest reservation or National park, of a tract of land in the White Mountains.

It is to this second bill that I would call your attention. With a view to the introduction of such, the National Bureau of Forestry has recently been taking specific steps, and its foresters are now examining the region in question.

The wisdom of these steps is seen when we consider that these mountain regions are the Nation's playgrounds. Deprived of these woods, our people will go (in fact, they have already begun to go) into the Canadian wilderness for their summer outings.

What is most needed is that the matter be brought very clearly to the notice of all the members of the next Congress.

Will you not lend your influence to-

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ward creating an active public sentiment in favor of this most timely measure?

NORTON ADAMS KENT.

Crawfordville, Indiana.

Our National Anthem

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of October 3 you refer to the decision of the army and navy to recognize the "Star-Spangled Banner" as the National anthem, and you imply that this settles the question for the Nation. But the decision of the small body of army and navy officials, though somewhat influential in shaping public opinion, can settle nothing. The rulers of the Republic—the people—must decide whether this song, written for a special time and place in the War of 1812, is to be their expression of National faith.

"I care not who makes the laws of a country if I may write its songs," said a man who knew the relation of cause and effect in history. It was a music-hall ditty twenty-five years ago,

> "We don't want to fight,
> But, by jingo, if we do,
> We've got the ships,
> We've got the men,
> We've got the money, too,"

that inflamed the English people and had tremendous weight in creating sentiment which resulted in the Berlin Treaty, one result of which to-day is the horrors in Macedonia. It is a matter of serious importance if children throughout our land are to be taught that "conquer we must, for our cause it is just." Even if the word *when* is substituted for *for*, the falsehood is the same. War is but a gigantic duel; the stronger and more skillful wins, regardless of justice. We won the Mexican War, not because we were right, but because we were strong, just as the Assyrians conquered the Jews, not because they were right, but because they were strong. Success is almost always on "the side of the heaviest battalions" in any war. Children who grow up with the ingrained notion that their country must always be right, and therefore always successful, become the zealots and hot-heads who foment other wars.

The "Star-Spangled Banner," as you justly remark, "is far from being good poetry and is vocally almost impossible." These two defects should prevent its adoption as a National song. But it is also unsuited to many hours and places. At sunset, when the flag is lowered, is it not rather absurd to ask, "O say, can you see by the dawn's early light"? The song deals with one incident, and that a war incident. "The perilous night" was one special and comparatively unimportant night in our history. Whatever is special or local or refers to facts not generally known is not suited to a National anthem to be learned by heart, to be sung by millions of all classes, to shape the National ideals of a powerful people.

During our whole history we have been at war less than one-tenth of the time. War should not be the sole topic referred to in a National anthem. "My country," "sweet land of liberty," "freedom's holy light," "our fathers' God," are nobler and more universal themes than "the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air." To-day "America" is undeniably the American people's dearest National hymn. Why should not the army respect the feeling of the people rather than the people obey the behest of a few army officers? Let this purely military air be retained, if you like, in the *répertoire* of military bands, where choral singing is not in order, but let the great body of teachers, preachers, editors, the mothers and the civic patriots of our land choose as their National anthem a song which does not ignore the interests, life, and faith of a great Christian people.

That "America" is sung to a tune of German origin, which is also used as the National air of our "kin beyond sea," does not, to my mind, condemn it as our National anthem. One of the most thrilling experiences of many sea voyages has been the rising and singing at the close of the ship's concert of that air, common to both countries, each passenger singing the words of his own land.

National anthems cannot be written to order; they must evolve. We may be long in finding the ideal one; but let no silly shame because of the present doubt as to what our anthem shall be hasten us to accept a wholly unrepresentative and inadequate one—a work without any great or noble qualities, a compound of indifferent music and indifferent verse.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

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Character of Theodore Roosevelt." Jacob A. Riis, the author of this great biography, whom President Roosevelt called "New York's most useful citizen," is well known to readers of The Outlook and to Americans everywhere. Perhaps no man of influence in America to-day began life with dimmer prospects of reaching the position of honor, respect, and admiration which this man, by his indomitable will and indefatigable effort, has secured in the community. He is a man to be honored, a man of thought, a writer, a citizen, and a worker for all that is good in a citizen and a man. Probably no books have ever exercised a stronger influence in favor of patriotism and good citizenship than Mr. Riis's "The Making of an American" and "How the Other Half Lives." In addition, there is no other man who can so well tell the story of the President's career from the intimate and personal point of view.

An Unusual Offer to Outlook Subscribers

The Coupons hereto attached will afford a pleasant opportunity of furnishing to your friends a chance to secure, at a special price, a new subscription to The Outlook for five months beginning December 5, 1903, and a mounted India print of the superb portrait of Theodore Roosevelt (price 50 cents), which has been drawn for The Outlook by the eminent artist, George T. Tobin. For each Coupon received bearing the name of a *present* subscriber and accompanied by one dollar for a new subscription, the Outlook Company will send to the subscriber Outlook scrip to the amount of Twenty-five Cents, which may be used at its face value toward paying a subscription to The Outlook, paying for any of the Outlook books, or paying for an advertisement in the Outlook Want Department.

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A Letter from Monsignor Doane

(Protonotary Apostolic, Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, N. J.)

I must thank the Outlook Company for the "Backgrounds of Literature," [1] *which I am reading and enjoying. Many of the "Backgrounds" are familiar to me. "Virgilium vidi tantum." I saw Washington Irving once and at Sunnyside. I may say the same of Emerson, as I dined with him once at the Saturday Club in Boston, with Agassiz at one end of the table and Longfellow at the other; besides these, Whipple and Hoar and the two Danas, father and son, and Charles Francis Adams, were there. Two years ago I was again in the Lake Country, where on my first visit I saw the widow of the poet, Mrs. Wordsworth, at Rydal Mount. Some years before, my father had seen the poet there. I had the pleasure of knowing Scott's great-granddaughter, Mrs. Maxwell Scott, and so two years ago was able to see Abbotsford, which she owns, to good advantage—both the old house and the new, having afternoon tea in the latter and driving away from the front door!*

I have been wondering why Mr. Mabie put Brahman for Brahmin. I just looked up the word in the Century Dictionary, and find that either is correct, so my only criticism of his book falls to the ground. I want to congratulate the publishers on the beautiful way in which the book is gotten up—cover, paper, print, binding; easy to open, easy to hold; and the illustrations all combine to make it one of the best pieces of book-making I have ever seen, and a worthy setting to the delightful contents.

G. H. DOANE.

[1] "Backgrounds of Literature," by Hamilton Wright Mabie, published by The Outlook Company. Price $2.00 net.

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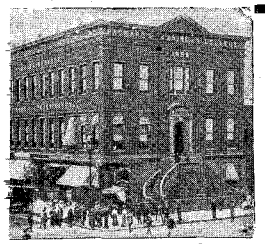

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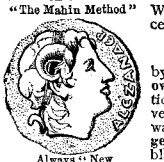

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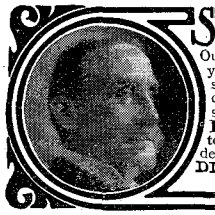

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